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ILLINOIS HISTORICAL SURVEY.

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Honest Abe's HONEST ALMANAC

Being a Cornucopia of Amazing Facts,
Useful Wisdom, and Amusing Anecdotes
Concerning the Social, Political,
Economic, Educational, and
Cultural Life of



Past and Present

Plus tantalizing items about the
surrounding countryside, which make
it an altogether useless,
but entertaining, little book

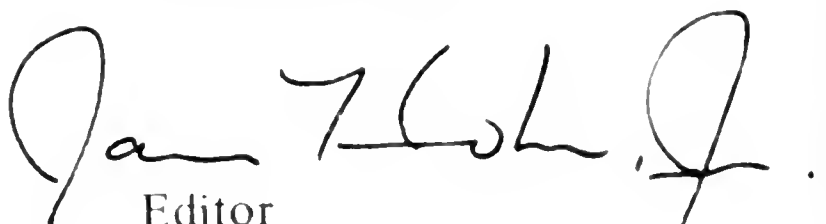
ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS AMERICAN

DEAR READERS . . .

It is appropriate at this point for an editor to explain to his readers why it is that his book exists. Whether its purpose is to enable its readers to treat their neighbors with more consistent courtesy, or lead a happier and more fruitful life, or cultivate a more productive garden, books of this sort are supposed to serve some instructive end. Sadly, *Honest Abe's Honest Almanac* does not. The most thorough reading of the pages contained herein will not make the conscientious reader one whit more happy, prosperous, or wise. At best, a reading of this small collection will take his mind off the troublesome present for at least a little while, and that is reason enough for a book to exist.

The editor wishes to express his gratitude to the members of the Friends of Honest Abe's Honest Almanac Society. Without their generous support, the publication of this book would have been impossible.

Sincerely yours,


Editor

Book 3
9/17

HONEST ABE'S HONEST ALMANAC

Being a Cornucopia of Amazing Facts,
Useful Wisdom, and Amusing Anecdotes Concerning
the Social, Political, Economic, Recreational,
Educational, and Cultural Life

of

Dorothy M. Holden
7-22-82



Past and Present

EDITED BY JAMES KROHE, JR.

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... AND A PARTRIDGE IN A PEAR TREE

During the 1970-71 school year, Springfield School District No. 186 consumed the following:

Hamburger	approx. 110,000 lbs.
Hotdogs	141,900
Pints or half-pints of milk	3,190,000
Modeling clay	8100 lbs.
Liquid water colors	2460 pints
Crayons	32,250
Duplicator Fluid	1150 gals.
Construction paper	15,840 packages
Duplicator paper	18,000 reams
Mimeograph paper	4500 reams
Ballpoint pens	2400
Pencils	13,500
Mimeograph stencils	4500 boxes
Duplicator stencils	1500 boxes
Band aids	1008 boxes
Paper towels	3000 cases
Drinking straws	7,500,000
Bread	103,655 lbs.
Buns	27,650 doz.
Felt-tip markers	104,976
Paper napkins	4,000,000
Glue	8400 ¼ oz. bottles

For those of our readers who are interested in such things, 141,900 hotdogs laid end to end would stretch 13.43 miles, a distance equal to three and a half round trips from the Old Capitol Building downtown to the Terminal Building at Capitol Airport. And 27,650 dozen hamburger buns stacked one on top of another would reach a total of 41,475 feet into the heavens, or very nearly eight miles.

THE GARDEN SPOT

Some sixty years ago, before the first mile of railroad was made, while the Indian still lingered in Central Illinois — when the turnpike road from Baltimore and Washington, over the mountains to the Ohio River was the great national highway from the Eastern to the infant Western States, and when four-horse stagecoaches for carrying the United States mail and passengers were the best facilities afforded for travel, was the time the facts we record occurred.

Mercantile agents, or drummers, at that early day were unknown. Twice a year Western merchants went East to replenish their stock of goods. The stagecoaches were run night and day, traveling about one hundred miles in twenty-four hours. About the time we speak of one of these elegant stages left Baltimore crowded with Western passengers, mostly merchants, for Wheeling, on the Ohio River. Having traveled one day and night, they were crossing the mountains slowly, tired and sleepy. Discussions on various topics were often encouraged to enliven the otherwise tedious hours. On this occasion three of the passengers were discussing the claims of several of the States to the title "Garden Spot of America," while others listened or slept.

One of the three presented the claim of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, in its then highly-cultivated condition; its rich limestone soil, its beautiful rolling surface, and its never-failing harvests, its immense barns, etc.

The second, in elegant terms, portrayed the region around Frankfort, Kentucky for beauty and climate, and for fertility of soil and elegant improvements, as the "Garden Spot."

And the third gentleman presented and urged the claim of the Shenandoah Valley, of Virginia, surrounded by the mountains and watered by ten thousand never-failing springs gushing from the mountains; its golden harvests of grain and luscious fruits, and its blooded flocks upon a thousand hills.

This interesting discussion was suddenly stopped by a roughly dressed passenger, in a jeans hunting suit, who had been sleeping and snoring for an hour or more. With an expression of terror on his face, he declared that something serious was going to happen to the stage. "I've had a remarkable dream," he said, and with a serious earnestness commenced telling his dream to the anxious passengers.

"I dreamed that the horses became unmanageable and plunged over one of these mountain precipices, and we fell and rolled several hundred feet. I found myself struggling in a very cold stream of water, but gained the opposite shore. I looked and behold, I seemed to be in a paradise — — the precincts of heaven — — the trees, and flowers and birds, were exceedingly beautiful, and at a distance there was a high wall, as if built of precious stones or rocks, and a golden door in the wall. The knob of the door

seemed to be a very large diamond, glittering as a star. I concluded that I was in the spirit world, and that the golden door was the entrance to Heaven. While thus bewildered this gentleman (pointing to one of the trio disputants) appeared and walked to the golden door. He knocked. The door opened and a glorious personage appeared, whom I was impressed to think was St. Peter. 'Whence comest thou?' he said to this gentleman; and you answered, 'from Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.' and he said, 'Enter.' Then came this other gentleman and knocked, St. Peter opened and inquired from whence he came. He replied, 'From Frankfort, Kentucky.' He was invited to enter. And, after a long while, this gentleman (the third of the trio) hastened to the door and rapped. The door was opened again, and St. Peter appeared for the third time, and inquired from what part of the earth he came. He said: 'From the Valley of Virginia.' And he was permitted to enter.

"The more I looked about me the more I became enchanted. I heard

the sweetest music that even fell on mortal ears, sounding as if from over the wall, and I passed on to the door and rapped with a small silver mallet that seemed there for the purpose. St. Peter appeared. When he saw me, he said, in the sweetest tones: 'Whence comest thou?' I said, 'From the Sangamo Country, Illinois.' I shall never forget the candid and kind manner with which St. Peter said: 'My friend, I advise you to go back, as there is no such beautiful land in Heaven as the valley drained by the Sangamo River. By nature it is the Garden Spot of America, and by the art of man is destined to become the Paradise of the New World — a land of corn and wine, and though the first several generations may have to toil, yet before the tenth generation shall appear, this wilderness will be made to blossom as the rose.' "

The early settler of Sangamo was so ingenious in presenting the claim of Illinois as containing the "Garden Spot" that it was unanimously awarded to it. And at the next stopping place the trio treated to the wine.

History of Sangamon County, 1881

* * * * *

A total of 19 of Springfield School District 186's 40 school buildings were constructed more than a half century ago. The oldest is Dubois Elementary School, which was built in 1897.

A wooden leg belonging to General Antonio Lopez De Santa Anna, conqueror of the Alamo (remember?) is in the possession of the Illinois Adjutant General in Springfield. The prize was brought to Springfield on April 14, 1847, by a company of Illinois soldiers which included one Achilles Morris, who wrote this account of the capture: "(At the battle of Cerro Gordo) I noticed not far distant a carriage, no team being attached to it, and jestingly said to my comrades, 'Boys, there is Santa Anna's carriage.' Some of the boys went to the carriage, obtained Santa Anna's cork or wooden leg, which was brought back to Springfield as a trophy. They also picked up several Mexican dollars scattered on the ground and (I) guess (these) never reached as far as Springfield."



A FAMOUS FAREWELL

The city of Springfield is thick with a local variety of malcontent who spends as much time leaving the city as he spends living here. Abraham Lincoln was perhaps the most famous Springfieldian to split for the coast, when he left for Washington, D. C., as President in 1861. As Lincoln stood on the rear platform of his train, he spoke these words to a crowd of two hundred well-wishers who had braved a drizzling rain to see him off at the Great Western railroad station:

My friends, no one not in my situation can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place and the kindness of these people I owe everything. Here I have lived for a quarter of a century and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of the Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail. Trusting in him who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

Most of those departing the Capitol City are not nearly so eloquent. Neither are they so kind.

POETIC VIEW OF THE TABERNACLE

In March of 1909, evangelist Billy Sunday came to town for a series of revivals. A tabernacle was specially built to house the faithful, who came by train and wagon from all over Central Illinois. The *Register* published this poem written by J. R. Ervey of Spokane, Washington, in commemoration of the event.

In Springfield — — Greater Springfield — —
Which we all boast of as nice,
We're hearing "Billy" Sunday
In his battle against vice.
We hear him grill the churches;
Hear the preachers blistered, too.
We hear him call for soldiers
Who will fight the battle through.

Some folks do not like him;
They severely censure "Billy",
But he keeps on a-fighting,
Trying to knock the Devil silly.
The latest thing presented
On the "Billy" Sunday plan
Is the following bunch of poems
From a writer in Spokane.

* * * * *

Once was built a tabernacle
Large and barnlike; of rough boards,
Low the ceiling, rough the benches
But the people came in hoards.
Song and sweetness filled the structure
Mixed with moods of many kinds
Vying each one with the other
Many men of many minds.

Fischer, with his choir of hundreds,
Sang forth melodies divine
Till the building rang with echoes,
Seemed enreathed in music's chime.
Butler, sweetest of the voices
Sang with melody divine — —
"Shadows", "Sunshine", other favorites,
As seemed fit from time to time.

Fred, the "Cowboy", as they called him,
Rounding up the mavericks bold,
Praying, "Jesus come and help me
Gather them into the fold."
Billy, prince of all the preachers,
Foe incarnate to all sin,
Stood upon the rough board platform
Directing force of all this din.

No man ever preached as he preached,
Always Jesus holding high,
As the moral of his teaching
To the multitudes he'd cry --
"Trust the Lord and he will keep you
From a life of sin and shame
Though your sin be red as scarlet
He can save you, bless his name."

Tabernacle meetings ended,
Barnlike structures now torn down.
May each board act as a blessing
As other buildings they adorn.
As the workmen hew and saw them
May each board a cry resound,
That will lead a soulsick sinner
To the Cross, where Christ is found.

What about you, unbeliever,
Who sat through the battle's din?
Can it be that you still linger,
On the banks of doubting sin?
With a plunge beneath its waters
Or a step within the pool,
Christ can cleanse you if you let him
Jesus, yes, can make you whole.

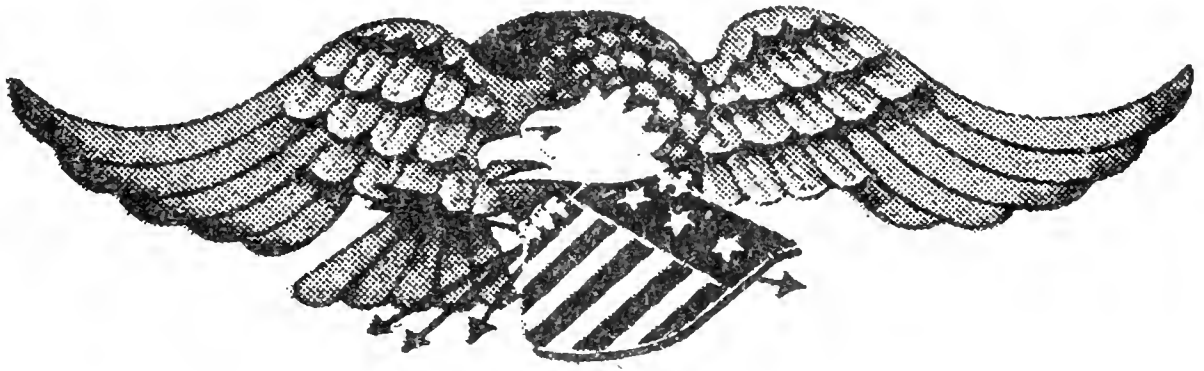
* * * * *

Paul Angle, in his book *Here I Have Lived* (a history of Lincoln's Springfield which your editors heartily recommend), tells this story: "One day a meek-looking man applied to Thompson Campbell who, as Secretary of State, had custody of the State House, for permission to deliver a series of lectures in the Hall of the House of Representatives.

"May I ask," said Campbell, "what is to be the subject of your lectures?"

"Certainly," was the solemn reply, "they are on the Second Coming of our Lord."

"It's no use," Campbell said, "if you will take my advice you will not waste your time in this city. It is my private opinion that if the Lord has been in Springfield once, he will not come the second time."



THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

Springfield's Tourism and Convention Commission publishes "Ten Commandments for the Care and Feeding of Visitors to Springfield" as part of its unceasing efforts to promote the tourist trade here in the Heart of Lincolnland. Here they are . . .

- I Thou shalt not frown or scowl at visitors, for a traveler is your bread and butter
- II Thou shalt ask pleasantly if you can be of service to visitors
- III Thou shalt make yourself a storehouse of information for travelers and cheerfully share your knowledge with them
- IV Thou shalt answer questions, seventy times seven, with a smile
- V Thou shalt keep your sunny side up even though weary after the day's labors
- VI Thou shalt be as prompt as possible when serving visitors
- VII Thou shalt be neat and clean, for cleanliness is a mark of politeness to others
- VIII Thou shalt cause children to have a happy vacation, for their memories will profit you in the future
- IX Thou shalt encourage travelers to stay and see Lincolnland for thereby will you and the entire city benefit
- X Thou shalt send visitors on their way with smiles on your face and theirs

BILLY THE BARBER

William de Fleurville was a Haitian who moved to the village of New Salem in 1831. A barber by trade, Mr. de Fleurville befriended another new arrival, a rather rough-hewn young man named Abraham Lincoln. De Fleurville moved to Springfield in 1832, where he set up a shop "just below the office of the Mayor." The following ditty appeared in the *Illinois State Register* of September 3, 1844, as part of an advertisement for Billy's shop.

Billy will always be found on the spot,
With razors keen and water smoking hot;
He'll clip and dress your hair, and shave with ease
And leave no effort slack his friends to please.
His shop is northwest of the public square,
Just below the office of the Mayor;
Strangers or friends may always find him there,
Ready to shave them well or cut their hair.
On Sunday, until 9 o'clock he'll shave,
And then to church he'll go, his soul to save.
To his old customers, for favors past,
His gratitude, indeed, will ever last;
He hopes by attention and efforts rare,
A part of public patronage to share.

Floyd Barringer, in his book *A Walk Through Oak Ridge Cemetery* (from which this gem was taken), notes that "there had long been a rumor, never substantiated, that Abraham Lincoln was the author of these poems written for his friend Billy." Judge the matter for yourself — is this the work of the same man who wrote the Gettysberg Address?

* * * * *

A tourist making his way through Lincoln's tomb in Oak Ridge Cemetery turned to George Cashman, the tomb's curator, and asked, "If they hadn't buried Mr. Lincoln here, would they have buried him somewhere else?" Mr. Cashman looked at the man and said, "It's customary, yes."

THE WIDOW LAWRENCE

Susan Dana Lawrence was one Springfield woman whose unique and adventuresome spirit has its own memorial. The extraordinary home which stands on the corner of Fourth and Lawrence Streets (now occupied by the Charles C. Thomas Publishing Company) was designed for Mrs. Lawrence by Frank Lloyd Wright.

Susan Dana Lawrence was the daughter of Rheune Lawrence, a local brick contractor who, through astute investments in silver, gold and lead mines in the American West, managed to go to his grave worth more than \$3 million. Mr. Lawrence was as conspicuous in his time as his daughter was to be in hers — during his lifetime he served his community as the president of the Old State National Bank, Mayor of Springfield, school board member, and civic leader.

Susan Lawrence lived in what can only be described as an extravagant style. Contemporary accounts describe this thrice-married lady as a charming and accomplished hostess, but it was her choice of associates which raised her frequent entertainments from the merely proper to the truly memorable. Upon completion of the Wright house, for example, she held a party to which she invited the nearly 200 men responsible for its construction. Hod carriers, brick layers, carpenters, and plumbers were no more common at Springfield's stylish get-togethers in 1904 than they are today, and the guest list must have raised more than

a few exquisitely-plucked eyebrows. The *Journal* once published the hostess' thoughts on the matter which read:

It would not have been possible for careless or incompetent or indifferent artisans to have brought about the results obtained in this building, and we thought it would be gratifying to the workmen to have members of their families inspect the work and to know how much we appreciated what they had so well done.

The lady was a world-traveler, who graced her home with art objects, tapestries, and sculpture from the Orient. She was also a trifle eccentric. The movements of the stars, for instance, were often allowed to influence her financial decisions. The stars, however, apparently gave her less than qualified advice, for the \$3 million in her father's estate had dwindled to less than \$100,000 by the time of her death in 1946. An auction was held when the estate was placed under the control of a conservator in 1943, at which time many of Susan Lawrence's personal possessions were put up for sale. These items, which along with the house were the only tangible remains of a long and well-spent life, included a necklace of seventy matched diamonds and a full-sized replica of the carriage in which Theodore Roosevelt had ridden to his inauguration.

* * / * * *

One Joe Jefferson, a member of a theatrical troupe traveling through Springfield in the spring of 1837, wrote in his journal: "Springfield being the capital of Illinois, it was determined to devote the entire season to the entertainment of the members of the Legislature." The members of that august body have been trying to repay that debt in kind ever since.

“IT’S A SHAME ABOUT THE ST. NICK”

The city’s dowager St. Nicholas Hotel, known affectionately as “Shoe Box Manor,” has its double chin up, welcoming guests daily despite financial troubles.

The hotel -- home for decades of prominent Democrats -- has filed suit for bankruptcy. But it is trying to regain solvency and pay off debts while litigation rattles around in court.

“It’s a shame what happened to the St. Nick,” said a veteran lawmaker who stayed there. “They let the dowager get tacky.”

Many people mused that Paul Powell could easily have paid off the hotel’s \$212,000 debts with just one-quarter of the money he hoarded in shoe boxes crammed into a dinky, well-locked closet up in Room 546 of the hotel.

The hotel was home for the late Secretary of State and his room is still popular with tourists who like to open the closet and say, “For land’s sakes.”

Even without Powell, the hotel’s lore is legendary:

Last year Sen. Adlai E. Stevenson III launched an ill-timed effort there to take chairmanship of the Illinois delegation to the Democratic National Convention away from Mayor Richard J. Daley. Daley, who used to stay at the hotel when he was state revenue director under Gov. Adlai E. Stevenson, clobbered the late governor’s upstart son, only to be dumped himself in Miami.

In January, 1971, on the eve Republican Gov. Richard B. Ogilvie was set to move into the Executive Mansion, Ogilvie astonished Republicans all the way out to the Black Angus Restaurant by bedding his family down overnight in “that DEMOCRATIC hotel!”

Former Gov. Otto Kerner was helping Democrats entertain Sen. Hubert H. Humphrey there in 1968 when Kerner got an “emergency” phone call telling him President Johnson wanted him on the U.S. Court of Appeals. Kerner and Humphrey went upstairs for cocktails.

Leather-jacketed cyclists congregated outside the hotel and nearby honky-tonks during Illinois State Fair cycle races for decades. Then the farm editor of a Chicago newspaper, who always stayed at the hotel during fair time, got angry at the rowdies’ noise and saw to it the cycle races were canceled the next year. The races never came back.

The hotel might have become “the Watergate of the Sangamon” if Democrats had been more alert. Newsmen once used electronic eavesdropping equipment to spy on slatemaking.

Ex-state Rep. Tobias (Toby) Barry Sr., a saloon-keeper from Ladd, Ill., fell out a hotel window and died in the mid-50’s, victim of a diabetic seizure. His son, Toby Jr., now sits in the House.

Cook County Board President George Dunne then a state representative, saved a newsman from being slugged at the bar by the late Sen. William (Botchie) Connors, 42d Ward Chicago Democratic czar. The innocent newsman hadn't known Connors despised the nickname "Botchie."

Through the years, deals were made and broken, and bribes were delivered through transoms, as kingmakers, kings, and the lowly came and went.

A partial guest list: FDR drew thousands in 1932, Jack Benny came in the heyday of vaudeville, Adm. Richard Byrd dropped in after exploring the Antarctic, Sgt. Alvin York stopped by after World War I.

Refurbishing periodically breathed new life into the dowager, and the food, including Cantonese dishes, retained class.

But the Penthouse nightclub on the roof closed. The carpets got tattered and torn. Venetian blinds hung lopsided. And the bubbles in the giggle water went flat.

Henry Hanson

Reprinted with permission from
The Chicago *Daily News*

DEATH OF A CAT, ETC.

A woman with two small kids in a car pulled into a southwest side shopping center. Wheeling to a stop in a parking stall, she felt a bump, got out and found a dead cat. To pacify her kids, she promised to take the cat home for burial. Putting the cat into a paper sack, she set it on the hood of the car while she took the kids into a nearby drugstore for lunch. Viewing the car from a booth in the drugstore window a few minutes later, the woman saw an elderly lady grab the sack. The lady then trotted straight into the drugstore, plopped down at a table, opened the sack to see what she'd found and promptly fainted. An ambulance was called, the lady was loaded onto a stretcher. An attendant placed the lady's purse at her side, then put the sack with the cat on her stomach and wheeled her into the ambulance. We haven't heard the end of the tale, but it must be a good one.

Toby McDaniel, in the
Illinois State Journal

THEY SAID IT IN SPRINGFIELD

A tourist is worth 500 bushels of corn and lots easier to shuck.

Nelson Howarth, former mayor

Theatre, for me, begins not with the artist, but with the cashier.

Guy Romans, SSU drama professor

The sentiment of the Midwest is sediment.

Anonymous, in Life magazine

If my customer wants a mothball in his potato salad, he gets it.

Henry Sidles, local restaurateur

We've built the foundation for a nice future with the universities and colleges.

We're pretty well set for a nice party, we've got everything slicked up, the refrigerator's full of beer, everybody is in a happy mood. It's sort of like Saturday night.

Brad Taylor, Planning Commission director

Suicide is the sincerest form of self-criticism.

Howard Moon, SSU professor

People who make budgets are nervous when there are problems in society. The basis of a restful budget is no problems in society.

*Mahareshi Mahesh Yogi, speaking before
the Illinois General Assembly*

Nobody's life, limbs, or property is safe when the legislature is in session.

James Dunham, Commissioner of Finances

Never have we seen a bird that wanted a nest that didn't get one. That is because birds, being dumb creatures, do not depend on conferences, committees, and politicians to supply the nests.

Helen Yerbury, local housewife

MAKING A BUCK

Springfield is a place where generations of men whose ethics often were far outstripped by their energy amassed fortunes and built dynasties. Situated in the midst of the one of the most productive agricultural regions in the world and protected against the shocks of recessions by the soft financial cushion of the state government expenditures, Springfield is still a good place to turn a buck.

Proof of this is found in statistics issued by Willard Bunn, Jr., president of the Springfield Marine Bank, which indicate that Springfield's nine banks hold 41% of the total assets of all the banks in Springfield, Decatur, and Peoria, even though Springfield has only 29.7% of the combined population of these three cities.

Springfield's combined bank assets increased by 332% in the years between 1957 and 1972. A glance at the table below bears this out:

TOTAL BANK ASSETS, 1957 – 1972			
YEAR	SPRINGFIELD	PEORIA	DECATUR
1957	\$ 163*	\$ 219	\$ 116
1958	190	228	115
1959	191	235	110
1960	210	240	116
1961	224	257	130
1962	250	282	145
1963	277	300	165
1964	297	317	180
1965	332	349	198
1966	359	364	207
1967	428	397	237
1968	433	432	247
1969	462	451	261
1970	538	505	307
1971	624	565	349
1972	704	626	392

*all totals expressed in millions of dollars

THE SUDDEN CHANGE

The sudden change in the weather which occurred December 20, 1836 is vividly impressed upon the minds of many of the old settlers of Sangamon County. There were several inches of snow on the ground, and early in the morning rain began to fall, continuing for some hours, and turning the snow into slush. Washington Crowder, at present an old citizen of Springfield, then living about four miles southwest of the city, about eleven o'clock started to the city to procure a marriage license. Mr. Crowder carried an umbrella to protect himself from the rain, and wore an overcoat reaching nearly to his feet. When he had traveled something like half the distance, and had reached a point about four miles to the south of Springfield, he had a fair view of the landscape, ten or twelve miles west and north. He saw a very dark cloud, a little north of west, and it appeared to be approaching him very rapidly, accompanied by a very deep, bellowing sound. He thought it prudent to close his umbrella, lest the wind should snatch it from his hands, and dropped the bridle reins on the neck of the horse for that purpose. Having closed the umbrella and put it under his arm, he was in the act of taking hold of the bridle rein when the cold wave struck him. At that instant water was dripping from everything about him, but when he drew the reins taut, ice rattled from them. The water and slush almost instantly turned to ice, and running

water on sloping ground was congealed as suddenly as molten lead would harden and form ridges if poured on the ground. Mr. Crowder expressed himself quite sure that within fifteen minutes from the time the cold blast reached him his horse walked on top of the snow and water, so suddenly did it freeze. When he arrived in Springfield, he rode up to a store at the west side of Fifth Street between Adams and Monroe, a few doors south of where the Marine Bank now stands. He attempted to dismount, but was unable to move, his overcoat holding him as firmly as though it had been made of sheet iron. He then called for help, and two men came out, who tried to lift him off, but his clothes were frozen to the saddle, which they ungirthed and then carried man and saddle to the fire and thawed them asunder. After becoming sufficiently warm to do so, Mr. Crowder went to the county clerk's office, obtained his license, and by driving his horse before him, returned to where he had started in the morning. The next day he started on horseback, but found the traveling so difficult on the ice that he dismounted, tied up the bridle, left the horse to find the way back home, and went on foot to the house of his affianced, where he was married at the time appointed. Mr. Crowder admits that it was a very thorough test of his devotion, but it must be conceded that he proved himself equal to the emergency.



CALL THE CAPTAIN

When my GI Bill check is a month late, I prefer to call the Captain. When tragedy looms, or I am simply curious as to what the next twenty-four hours hold in store, I merely pick up the phone and dial the magic number, 523-5011, and listen to the golden voice of one of the most valid seers operating in America today (the other one being Curt Gowdy).

Perhaps you don't believe that a time and weather service can also be used as a Font of Truth . . . most enlightened Springfieldians consider the Marine Bank just another predatory camorra of back-slapping Babbits, and with this appraisal I heartily agree, but then again, the crowd down at the First National are a bunch of predatory swine, and they don't even have the sense to hire Captain Marine!

The Marine Bank took in Captain Marine, a distant cousin of the owner, some years back after he had been bounced from a carnival which specialized in state fairs and homes for the criminally insane. Distraught, homeless and alone, Captain Marine had tried his hand (he only has one, having lost the other in a chess accident), at a number of odd jobs, culminating in a teaching post at Sangamon State University in the Department of Astronomy and Sociology. Cast adrift from this seeming sinecure after he was caught *en flagrante* with an otter in Elementary Education, he accepted his present position as seer at Springfield's oldest bank.

"But," I hear you muttering, "how does he work?" And well you might ask, for when you call the Captain all you get is some banal gibberish about using the bank's outdoor depository or bring your will up to date, followed by the time and temperature at 6th and Jackson. Let me just say that all great systems of belief seem that way to the uninitiated (which explains why there are so many uninitiated people running around).

How does it work? The Captain Marine System is, like baseball and the slot machines, based on the number three. The sequence of any

three of the possible nine messages the Captain may offer at any given call outlines the caller's immediate future. For example, let's say you call the old boy at 11:03 p.m. (downtown temperature 104°) and he tells you "Don't carry travel cash, carry traveler's checks from the Marine Bank." You should prepare yourself for a long journey. But don't start packing yet! The next call in the sequence, made at 11:15 p.m. (downtown temperature 57°) yields this information: "To have it when you need it, save it when you have it at the Marine Bank." You should be prepared to spend a little money on your trip. Now you are ready for the third, and most important call in the sequence. The word you get at 12:01 a.m. (downtown temperature +18°C.) is, "Bring your will up to date; name the Marine Bank your executor." I would interpret this to mean that you will be going to the funeral of a relative in a distant city and that you will be expected to chip in for the headstone.

Reverse this sequence and it means that you will die and your relatives will have to drive in from all over and settle your hash to the tune of several thousand dollars.

Obviously not all the Captain's little pearls are as apocalyptic as my example. If you're down, for example, and all your James Taylor albums don't make you feel as bored and as listless as you normally feel, then a quick call to 523-5011 may bring you this reassurance: "The Marine Bank brings you the time and temperature twenty-four hours a day", which is his way of saying "Buck up, I'll always be here when you need me."

There are nine possible messages, and any number of combinations in the three-call sequence. I cannot possibly relate them all. But let me say that my experiences with the Captain have convinced me that we are not alone. We're a little gullible, but not alone.

Paul Rusdorf, in
The Phoenix

* * * * *

Two *Illinois State Journal* staffers were recently awarded Copley "Ring of Truth" citations for their collaboration on a headline for a feature story about cannibalistic chickens whose murdering ways were stopped by outfitting them with blinders which allowed them only peripheral vision. The winning headline ran, "Hens With Glasses A Barnyard Spectacle."

ANDY ELLIOTT TURNS A TRICK

Andrew Elliott kept the Buckhorn Tavern, on the south side of Jefferson between First and Second Streets, the first hotel in Springfield. He was a jolly fellow and a famous woodsman. Tavern keeping was merely a sideline with him; his real profession was hunting, and his real home was a house at the edge of the timber "out north."

In 1825, the legislature, meeting in Vandalia, appointed five commissioners to locate the permanent county seat of Sangamon.

There were four competing points: Springfield, Sangamo Town (about seven miles northwest on the river), a location at the mouth of Spring Creek, and one on Prairie Creek, near Salisbury. The last two were named "paper towns," that is, they had been laid out on paper but as yet no one lived there. There is no denying that they were beautiful spots, but so was Springfield.

William Hamilton, a son of Alexander Hamilton (first Secretary of the Treasury of the United States) was deputy surveyor of public lands. He became interested in getting the county seat for Sangamo Town. A land company had bought up the Spring Creek site, knowing that if it were selected by the commissioners it would quickly double in value. Whoever owned the land chosen as the county seat was required to donate thirty-five acres of it to the county. Mr. Iles and Mr. Enos (early residents of Springfield) had said they would do better than that, and give forty-two acres. Moreover, Mr. Iles would cash the commissioners' warrants at his store. Still the

proprietors of our town were a little worried about the outcome.

The week that the commissioners were to visit all these places they stayed at the "Buck," as Andy Elliott's tavern was familiarly known. One morning Mr. Iles asked Andy to step around to the back of his store and have a little talk with him and Mr. Enos. When he came away Andy was chuckling to himself. He loved a good joke.

Arriving at the tavern, he found his distinguished guests calling for fresh horses and eager to be off.

"Guess you know these parts right well, don't you?" Andrew asked in his slow drawl.

"No, we don't," said one of the men, "I wonder if you could find us a guide? I've no time to waste being lost in the woods."

"Well, I reckon I could get off today," said Andrew obligingly. "It's a right smart ride over to Sangamo though — — wait till I see if the surcings is tight — — I'll just fold a blanket under each of these saddles. 'Course, it's only seven miles or so as the crow flies, but . . ."

The gentlemen mounted, and the guide, on his stringy horse "Blue Tail," led the way. What a way it was! Through fallen timber and brush, across muddy creeks where the water splashed on the commissioners' good riding clothes, on and on and on. It was the middle of March, cold and windy, not the ideal day for a long ride. There were neither bridges nor roads, so Andy had it all his own way, and he led them by the longest and the roughest route he could possibly think of.

They swam several streams, waded through marshes, and were caught in thorny thickets.

"Heavens, man!" called one of the weary horsemen, "is this the shortest way to go? Why, we've ridden nearer seventy miles than seven!"

"Can't fly like a crow with the legs of a snake," said Andy.

The man looked sharply at him to see if he was laughing, but Andy's face was solemn as a lamb.

At last they reached Sangamo Town. Then there was a further ride to the mouth of Spring Creek.

At dusk Andy announced, "Too late to get back home tonight we'll have to camp here I guess. Too bad we didn't bring more lunch."

Hungry and sore, they built a fire and lay down beside it to sleep. The

blankets Andy had folded under the saddle of each horse were very welcome now.

Two days later Pascal Enos met Andy on the street, and a sly grin was exchanged.

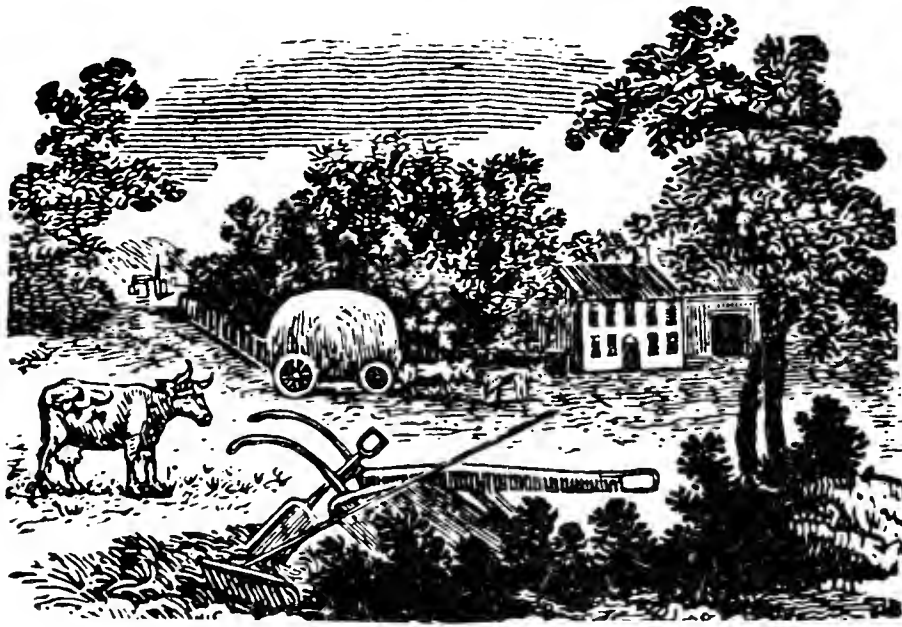
"Well, Andy," said Mr. Enos, "the gentlemen you took sightseeing didn't seem to care for the river towns. They thought the people who were to fill them might never find them. They came in this afternoon and made out the papers which confirm Springfield as the county seat."

"Well, I can't rightly say I'm surprised, Mr. Enos," drawled Mr. Elliott. He smiled broadly now. "I'm a leettle bit sore myself today. We just rode thirty miles farther than need be, but Thunderin' Cats! It shore was rough country!"

Helen Blankmeyer, in
The Sangamon Country

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The fine art of political insult reached its full flower in Springfield during the mid-1800's. Two examples follow. In 1842, the *Sangamo Journal* printed a series of "letters" portraying in vernacular prose assorted Whig doctrines then being debated in the Capitol City. In one of these letters, the writer (never identified, but rumored to be none other than A. Lincoln himself) described a grand levee, or ball, being held in town by noting that "they wouldn't let no Democrats in, for fear they'd disgust the ladies or scare the little gals, or dirty the floor." The Democrats took another verbal pasting from the *Journal* during the Presidential campaign of 1860. During that campaign, rival parties in Springfield erected huge poles around the city, from which were flown banners touting the candidate's name and likeness. The poles frequently fell victim to vandal's axes, and once, when a Republican pole was felled (presumably by zealous Democrats), the paper responded by screaming that "some miserable, infamous, low-flund, narrow-minded, ungodly, dirt-eating, cut-throat, hemp-deserving, deeply-dyed, double-distilled, concentrated miscreant of miscreants" had "sinned against all honor and decency."



CARILLON FACTS

The Thomas Rees Memorial Carillon, located atop a knoll in Springfield's Washington Park, is the third largest bell tower in the world. Each year during the month of June, a week-long International Carillon Festival is held at the site, the only festival of its kind in the U.S. Carilloneurs from Belgium, the Netherlands, France, England and the United States have performed here.

The carillon is named after Thomas Rees, publisher of the *Illinois State Register* from 1881 until his death in 1933. Having developed a keen interest in bell towers during tours of Europe between 1910 and 1920, Mr. Rees bequeathed a trust fund in the amount of \$200,000 to the Springfield Park District for the construction and maintenance of a carillon for Springfield. The carillon was dedicated in June of 1962.

CARILLON FACTS

Height	132 feet
Number of Bells	66
Musical Range	5½ chromatic octaves
Total Weight of BELLS	73,953 lbs.
Largest Bell	7½ tons
Smallest Bell	22 lbs.

The carillon is open from 2 to 8 p.m. from May 30 to September 1. Special tours are offered during the regular Sunday concerts between 4 and 5 p.m. Visitors may ride to the top level of the tower, which affords a panoramic view of Springfield and the surrounding area.

AMAZING FACTS

Prior to the installation of anti-pollution equipment in the early 1970's, the smokestacks of the City Water, Light, and Power Company's lakeside generating plant spewed an average of 9680 pounds of sulphur dioxide per hour into the atmosphere, according to figures released by the Illinois Environmental Protection Agency. That's more than 116 tons a day, or a total of 42,276 tons a year. (If these calculations are correct, the city of Springfield was buried in August of 1955!)

During the Second World War, when both gas and equipment were in short supply, the City of Springfield purchased a small flock of sheep which, while grazing over the public parks along Lake Springfield, kept the grass there neatly cropped. These ovine civil servants thereby saved the city the cost of mowing equipment and groundskeepers' salaries. *American City* magazine, writing about the project in 1945, marveled, "All this and lamb chops too!"

The Illinois State Office Building, located on Spring Street just west of the Statehouse, was built in 1956 at a cost of \$11,500,000. The total floor space in the structure amounts to 445,020 square feet, or a little more than ten acres. Only 18% of this space is taken up by such things as elevators, hallways, storage areas, etc., leaving an office efficiency ratio of 82%, which, according to people who know more about these things that we do, is "very high for any office building"!

As of January 1, 1973, a total of 288,559 acres of Sangamon County soil had been mapped by the U.S. Department of Agriculture soil scientists. This area constitutes 53% of the land area of the county. Sangamon County, by the way, has approximately forty-two different soil types, which, when broken down into various slopes and erosion amounts, produce some seventy different soil classifications!

Six railroad companies operate in and through Springfield. They are: the Illinois Central; the Gulf, Mobile, and Ohio; the Norfolk and Western; the Chicago and Illinois Midland; the Illinois Terminal Railroad; and the Baltimore and Ohio. On a typical day, there are fifty freight and passenger trains serving or passing through the Capital City. Excluding the freeway system girding the metropolitan area, there are only nineteen grade-separated crossings in the city. From 1959 through 1969, there were 176 grade crossing accidents in the city, nine of which involved fatalities!



WHERE WOULD AMERICA BE, IF LINCOLN HAD NEVER READ A BOOK?

A public library is a unique institution. It is the only institution in which the generations mix freely in pursuit of written knowledge; those seeking understanding, those seeking their livelihood, those following a formal curriculum, and those following their own intellectual bent.”

Lincoln Library Bulletin

The library needs of Springfield and the immediate vicinity are served by the main library and four branches of the Lincoln Library. As late as 1894, the city did not have a library of its own, and had to use an inadequate facility located on the third floor of the city hall at Seventh and Monroe Streets. Mr. E. S. Walker, a local Baptist minister, worked to establish a suitable library in Springfield. He opened a correspondence with Mr. Andrew Carnegie, a certain well-known industrialist of the period, which resulted in a gift of \$75,000 to the city for the construction of a library to be named (at Mr. Carnegie's insistence) after the late Great Emancipator. The present main branch of the library, located at 326 South Seventh Street, was the result of that gift, and was constructed at a cost of \$83,000 and was dedicated on June 4, 1904.

Lincoln Library is supported by local tax revenues, and is open to all citizens of the city. The library is affiliated with the Rolling Prairies Library System, from which it obtains interlibrary loans, 16mm sound films, art reproductions, and

other specialized materials and services. The library offers a wide range of services to its patrons, including book service to the bedridden and a children's reading program. The library also publishes a monthly newsletter between the months of October and June.

For years now, the ability of Lincoln Library's excellent staff to deliver adequate service to the people of Springfield has been impaired by a critical lack of physical space. A glance at the figures below will illustrate why this is so . . .

COMPARATIVE LIBRARY BUILDING CAPACITIES
IN SELECTED ILLINOIS CITIES*

CITY	POPULATION	SQUARE FEET	SEATING	VOL. CAPACITY
Decatur	90,000	66,400	400	380,000
Elgin	58,495	77,740	389	450,000
Evanston	80,113	54,000	255	230,000
Peoria	126,963	92,000	400	400,000
Rockford	147,370	92,500	620	310,000
Waukegan	68,128	65,448	259	360,000
SPRINGFIELD	91,753	17,000	116	121,000

* Main library building only

The plain fact is that the physical facilities of Lincoln Library have failed to keep pace with the growing demands for library services. This next table shows just how much the library has grown since its opening day 'way back in '04 . . .

GROWTH OF LINCOLN LIBRARY

1904-1972

	1904	1972
Area served (square miles)	8.5	36.56
Population served	34,159	91,753
Registered borrowers	2,950	42,830
Number of volumes	43,872	269,742
Circulation	73,933	904,201
Reference questions answered	-----	54,675
Employees (full time)	6	59
Expenditures	\$15,262	\$697,108

MORAL FIBER AND ALL THAT

Those people who are convinced that the current fare at Springfield's theatres poses a threat to the moral tone of the city might take some small comfort in knowing that it has always been thus. This excerpt from a 1915 report on recreation in Springfield, written by a survey team from the Russell Sage Foundation, shows us that the debate over the goings-on at local places of public entertainment is not a new thing . . .

In Springfield's least pretentious theatre the visitor can pay either 10 or 25 cents for admission. If he pays the larger sum he is admitted to the gallery, which is devoted entirely to some score of boxes each containing a total of four or more chairs, placed around a small table. No sooner has he taken his seat than his box will be invaded by a young woman in short skirts who bounces in, takes a seat and invites herself to have a drink at the visitor's expense. If he accedes she pushes a bell and a waiter appears. The visitor then discovers that while he may order beer if he wishes to, his companion is limited to some more expensive beverage. There is a list of prices on the door of the box, but if the visitor is not wary he will find himself paying considerably more than the list calls for. Before departing the waiter hands the young woman a check which she blithely discloses determines her personal commission. The young woman's manner is not distant, and although she may be interrupted occasionally by the necessity of going on the stage, to participate in a bit of vocal or physical exercise, she will stay with her victim as long as her seductive companionship induces him to patronize the waiter.

Downstairs on the main floor, the chairs are grouped around little tables and although no women are present the waiters pass continually back and forth soliciting orders for drinks and cigars. On the stage a number of performers are giving a series of sketches, songs, and dances which but for the headliner that is to come at the end would not hold any intelligent person ten minutes if he had any other place where he could get in out of the cold. The last number on the program is usually an Oriental dance which often exceeds the utmost limits of propriety and decency . . .

Night after night in this theatre men are surrounded with the most unblushing temptations to excessive drinking and immorality . . .

"Recreation in Springfield" from
The Springfield Survey



LAKE SPRINGFIELD

Lake Springfield is a man-made water impoundment on the city's southeast side. Prior to its completion in May of 1935, the city relied upon the Sangamon River and area wells for its water. The result was a high death rate from water-borne disease and an uncertain supply of water in times of drought. Willis J. Spaulding, then Commissioner of Public Property for Springfield, urged that a lasting solution to the city's water supply problems be found. As a result, the Burns and McDonnell Engineering Company was commissioned to study the situation. Their recommendations led eventually to the passage of a \$2,500,000 bond issue in June of 1930 for the construction of Lake Springfield.

The lake was formed by the construction of an earthen dam (which bears Commissioner Spaulding's name) across the valley of Sugar Creek. The lake now occupies the Sugar Creek valley and, to a lesser extent, the valley of Lick Creek, a tributary of Sugar Creek which enters it from the west. The Spaulding Dam, which is 200 feet long and stands 55 feet above the valley floor, was completed in the summer of 1934, and the first water flowed through its gates on May 1, 1935.

Part of the original construction cost went toward the installation of roads, sewers, public swimming facilities, bridges, and power lines. In addition, marginal land owned by the city was reforested to create the present public parks along its shore.

Surface area	4000 acres
Length15 miles
Shore line length57 miles
Water capacity	18.5 billion gal.
Marginal land under city ownership	4300 acres
Daily water usage25 million gals.
Deepest point	40 feet
Average depth	15.4 feet
Drainage area	265 sq. mi.
Perimeter of lake property (including marginal land)	72 mi.

The lake's primary purpose is to provide water to the customers of the City Water, Light and Power Company. In addition to its function as a water supply, the lake provides recreation to thousands of Springfieldians and also provides water for the steam turbines of the lakeside power plants which supply electricity for customers in the Springfield area.

* * * * *

Newspaper reporters of old were allowed a degree of artistic license unheard of in more recent days. Please note this *Register* reporter's almost poetic treatment of a routine police beat story in September of 1908: "Because she refused to leave Springfield when admonished to change her address within a specified time, Pearl McCord was yesterday assigned to Suite No. 23 of the city bastille to serve out a fine of \$100 and costs. Pearl will not get out until the robins sing again."

Every year, *Esquire* magazine announces its "Dubious Achievement Awards." In time like these, the competition for the awards is stiff indeed, but Springfield managed to make it. The January, 1974, edition of that publication notes, under a caption that reads, "You know, Kemo Sabay, the Longer We Stay Out Here on the Desert, the More You Fascinate Me," that "the White Hen Pantry in Springfield, Illinois, was robbed by a man wearing an athletic supporter over his face."

On Monday, December 24, 1973, Jo Randolph and Mary Brennen of Springfield shattered the existing world record for non-stop horseback riding. The girls stayed atop their mounts for a total of more than 72 hours, besting the old record by 30 hours. Ms. Randolph also earned the distinction of being maybe the first person ever to take a physics examination on horseback, as she completed her requirements for a class at Lincoln Land Community College, where she is a student.

MORE AMAZING FACTS

The Mason-Dixon Line, which has traditionally been considered the boundary line between the Northern and Southern states in the U.S., passes just 4.56 miles due south of the Illinois Statehouse. Springfield, in other words, is a Northern city, but just barely, a fact which has shaped our history in more ways than one!

According to the Illinois Press Association (who ought to know these things) the combined average weekday circulation of the *Illinois State Journal* and the *State Register* during 1971 was 79,250. On Sunday, 69,654 people receive the *State Journal-Register*! (The Illinois Press Association has no idea how many people actually read it, however.)

Springfield's veneration of Abraham Lincoln is of relatively recent vintage. In the Presidential election of 1860, when Old Abe ran against two other candidates (including local favorite Stephen Douglas) the tally in the city of Springfield was as follows: Lincoln, 1395; Douglas, 1326; and Breckenridge, 31. In other words, Lincoln's margin of victory in his own home town was a meager sixty-nine votes. Lincoln *lost* Sangamon County as a whole that year by forty-two votes. In 1864, running against Democrat John McClellan, Abe again only barely carried Springfield, this time by a paltry ten-vote margin. Lincoln lost Sangamon County a second time, however, by the not inconsiderable margin of 380 votes!

The Dome Building, which used to be the centerpiece of the state fairgrounds north of town, was originally constructed at Chicago's Columbian Exposition of 1893. Upon the closing of the Chicago fair, the Dome Building was disassembled and shipped to Springfield, where it was put back together on the fairgrounds site. Rumored to be the largest domed structure in the world at the time (its seating capacity was listed as 20,000), the Dome Building was destroyed by fire on August 17, 1917!

The Old State Capitol in downtown Springfield measures 123 feet, 4 inches by 89 feet, 1 inch. The peak of the roof stands fifty-nine feet above the ground, and a fifty-four foot cupola and thirty-six foot flagpole stand atop that!

The Lake Park beach facility at Lake Springfield is 800 feet long (roughly the length of two city blocks), 250 feet wide, and contains 3 million gallons of water, which is continually being charged with chlorinated water pumped into it at a rate of 1 million gallons a day!



THE STATE CAPITOL

Here are a few useless facts about the magnificent edifice which stares down at the city from atop the knoll at Second and Capitol . . .

- The enabling act paving the way for construction of a new capitol was passed by the 25th General Assembly on February 24, 1867
- The old capitol (now restored by the State of Illinois) was sold to Sangamon County for \$200,000
- Ground for the present capitol was broken on March 11, 1868
- The capitol was first occupied in 1876. It was still unfinished. It was not completed until twenty-one years after the passage of the act calling for its construction. The total cost of the project was \$4,500,000
- The statehouse grounds occupy nine acres of land. The circular foundation of the building, on which the dome rests, is 92.5 feet in diameter, and is set on solid bedrock 25.5 feet below the surface
- The walls supporting the dome from the foundation to the first floor are 17 feet thick
- The statehouse is 379 feet long from north to south, and 268 feet from east to west
- The grand stairway leading from the second to the third floor is constructed of several varieties of marble, as are the columns, pilasters, rails, balisters and waincoting
- The mosaic work that adorns the walls of the rotunda and corridors is hand-made by local craftsmen

YOU CAN'T GET THERE FROM HERE

A Table of Distances

FROM SPRINGFIELD TO:	TOTAL MILES*
Clinton, Iowa	191
Enid, Oklahoma	645
Evansville, Indiana	208
Flora, Illinois	108
Indianapolis, Indiana	192
Iowa City, Iowa	210
LaFayette, Indiana	159
Leavenworth, Kansas	324
Lexington, Missouri	264
Muscatine, Iowa	184
Syracuse, New York	816
Tampa, Florida	1210
Toledo, Ohio	362
Tuscon, Arizona	1560
Vicksburg, Mississippi	606
Virden, Illinois	22
Washington, D. C.	874
Wilmington, Delaware	944
Zanesville, Ohio	431

* Taken from Illinois highway maps and "Official Table of Distances," printed by the Secretary of War, Washington, D. C., 1918.



SPRINGFIELD PARK DISTRICT

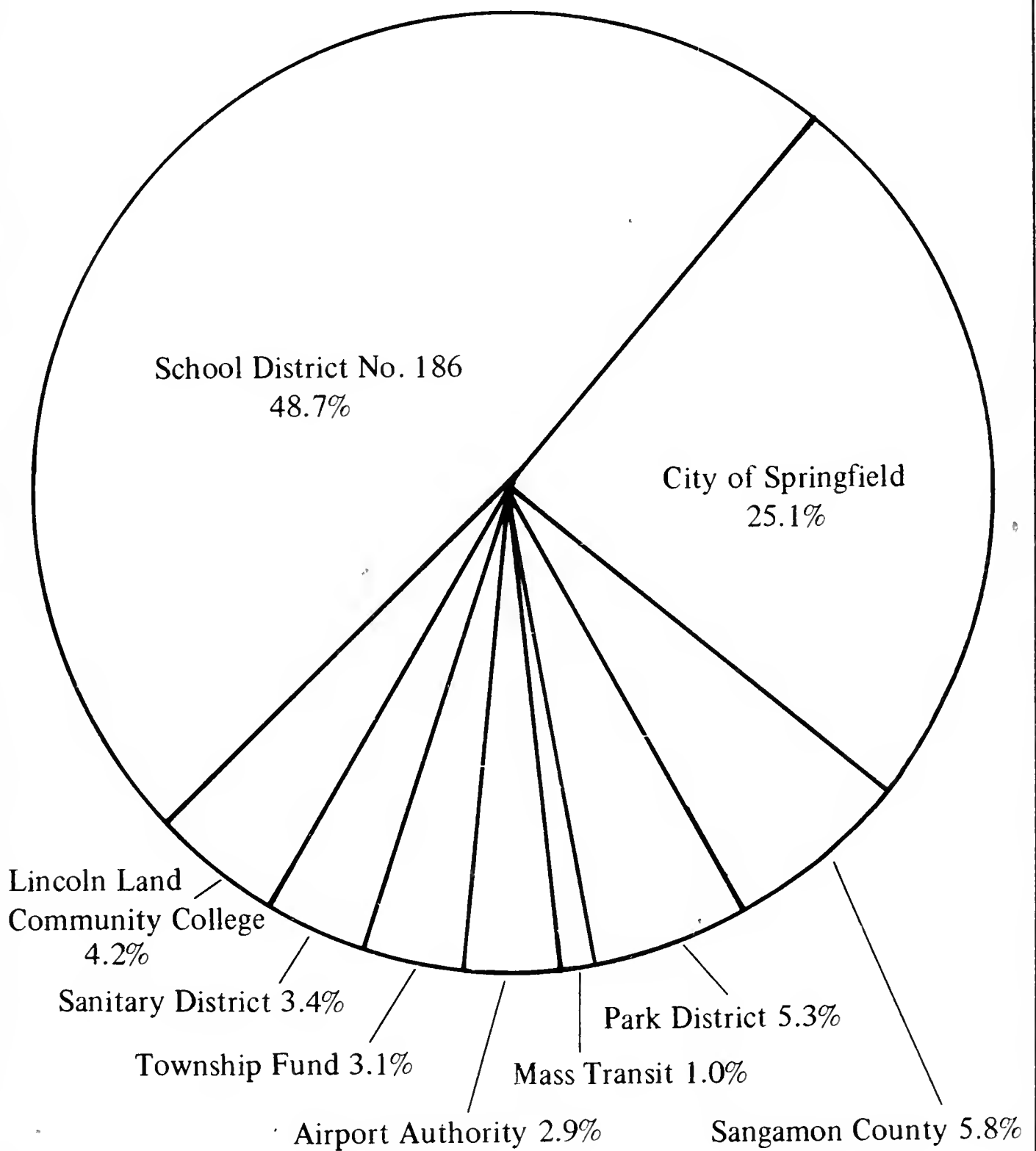
The Springfield Park District is a separate governmental unit whose sole purpose is the acquisition and maintenance of public recreation facilities for the people of Springfield. Organized in February 8, 1900, the district is governed by a seven-person board of trustees, members of which are elected to four-year terms.

Facilities under the district's jurisdiction include:

- * Two nine-hole golf courses
- * One eighteen-hole golf course
- * Nineteen tennis courts, three of which are lighted
- * One outdoor, Olympic-sized swimming pool
- * One indoor pool with separate diving well and seating space for 1000 spectators
- * Three pavilions, two of which are open for public meetings
- * A ten-acre children's zoo
- * The Thomas Rees Memorial Carillon
- * Five and one-half miles of bituminous-surfaced roads
- * A horticultural center
- * A band shelter
- * A rose garden containing more than 4500 rose plants of 115 varieties
- * Numerous picnic shelters, fireplaces, playgrounds, etc.

HOW THE PIE IS SLICED

Distribution of the Sangamon County Property Tax Dollar, 1973*



*expressed in per cents

COURTHOUSE BETTY

The manner and dress of the woman led most people to believe she was a kook.

Her portly frame was draped with an old choir robe. She wore sneakers or desert boots, pounds of dime-store jewelry, and layers of lipstick and rouge. An artificial flower sometimes jutted from the top of her head.

She was a daily sight in the county courthouse for years and became an avid spectator at criminal trials. That earned her the nickname of "Courthouse Betty."

She also was a familiar figure in the statehouse where she kept an eagle-eye on the legislature and attended all of the committee hearings she could find. Betty also found an interest in some meetings of the city council, Historical Sites Commission and Springfield Art Association. As one acquaintance put it, she seldom missed anything that was free.

Not only was she a spectator at such events, she often participated in the discussion of business. She usually asked bold questions which made her offensive to some.

That's what got her into trouble at the courthouse a few years ago. She repeatedly interrupted courtroom proceedings by shouting questions at the lawyers and judges. And on one occasion, as all spectators at a murder trial were being searched, Betty was found to be carrying a knife in her purse.

"She was continually disturbing the court and we finally had to do something," recalls then-sheriff Eddie Ryan. "I talked to her and suggested that she go to the library instead. She didn't do these things intentionally. I felt sorry for her, the poor soul had nothing else to do. That knife we found was just a small one. She carried it strictly for her own protection, I'm sure."

That was the end of her courthouse residency.

Betty made the news three times in her life.

Eight years ago, she marked Memorial Day by having State Rep. J. David Jones and Air National Guard Col. Ralph Bush preside at the dedication of a flagpole in front of her home. A plaque honored the memory of the first member of the Army Air Corps to fly the Atlantic Ocean. He was Col. Frank Kennedy, her father. Kennedy was also one of twelve volunteers for the Army's first aviation school back in 1911.

Then, in 1967, Betty formed the short-lived NDCPA, the designation for "Naked Dogs, Clothed People Association." The idea of the movement (prompted by publication of a pattern for a dog sweater in the newspaper) was to "take clothes off dogs and put them back on people." Betty told snickering newsmen, "Dogs should be prohibited from wearing clothes unless it is recommended by a licensed veterinarian for the health and welfare of the animal." She aimed the second phase of the movement - - putting clothes back on people - - primarily at topless dancers. No one signed the petition she circulated.

Betty next made headlines in 1971 when she requested the city council to rename Capital Airport as Circling Eagle Airport in recognition of her father's efforts to protect the rights of the American Indian and his role as a pioneer

aviator. Her father was adopted by the Comanche tribe and named "Circling Eagle." Betty, who claimed to be "Princess Peaceful Bear," failed to move the council.

Jones, a neighbor of Betty's, has long been convinced of her "vital interest" in government. She telephoned him late one night and urged him to sponsor her for the position of state director of aeronautics.

Jones, as well as many local political figures, knew her as a member of the League of Women Voters. It was at one of the League's meet-the-candidates meetings last fall that Betty asked some of her bold questions:

"Are you going to try the first woman who has a legal abortion in Sangamon County as a murderess?" she asked State's Attorney Joseph Cavanaugh.

"What funeral home are you in cahoots with and where do you send all your bodies?" she asked Coroner Norman Richter.

Betty also was a daily caller on radio station talk shows.

That was "Courthouse Betty." Her real name was Betty Kennedy, and that's the way it appeared in the obituary columns last month.

Chances are that few of Betty's "friends" recognized her there.

It took only a couple of paragraphs to say that she was found dead in her modest home on Walnut Street, that she was 52 years old, that she served her country as a WAC during World War II and that she had no survivors.

Toby McDaniel, in the *Illinois State Journal*

* * * * *

On October 16, 1964, the state of Illinois dedicated a statue on the State house lawn to the coal miners of Illinois. John L. Lewis, a Springfield native whose energy and determination had taken him to the top of the United Mine Workers of America's leadership, was unable to attend the dedication due to illness. Lewis saluted the occasion in a letter which was read to the crowd of dignitaries attending by a UMW official. Lewis' letter read in part: "It is commendable that Illinois is the first — — — — state to so honor its miners."

When the Leland Hotel closed its doors in 1970, plans were announced for a "champagne barbeque", tickets to which would be sold to raise funds to keep the old hostelry in business. The menu at the affair was to consist of the Illinois State Fair's Champion barrow, which sponsors of the event had purchased for \$2,150. But the hog, whose feeling for tradition was not so pronounced as that of his owners, died of the flu before he could be converted to chops and ham. (The Leland, incidentally, has since been converted to an office building.)

It is axiomatic among state politicians that the transoms over the doors of the hotel rooms (in which delicate political issues are traditionally arbitrated) be kept open. The reason, according to one old pol quoted in the *Register*, is simple, "You never know when someone will throw in a little black bag with a roll of bills (in it)." He went on to remark, "I never knew anybody who threw it back."

1908 RACE RIOT

On August 13, 1908, a white woman was reported assaulted by a Negro, and shortly before this time a white man had defended his daughter against a similar attack - - - the two circumstances causing bitter race feeling. A mob of white men prepared to lynch George Richardson and Joe James, who were under arrest for these crimes, and the Sheriff, assisted by Mr. Loper, a restaurant keeper, took them from the jail in an automobile and carried them to Bloomington. The mob, upon learning what had been done, demolished Mr. Loper's restaurant, burned his automobile and then rushed to the quarter of the city occupied by the black population, where they sacked a number of stores and burned nearly twenty-five houses. Negroes were chased and attacked on the streets and one of them, Scott Burton, who is said to have fired on the rioters, was beaten and then hanged to a tree. Another, William Donnegan, over eighty years of age, and a friend of Abraham Lincoln, and for fifty years a respected citizen of the city, although guilty of no offense, was also beaten and hanged to a tree. Although he was cut down before life was extinct, he died in a hospital the following day. During this time many persons were struck by bullets fired by the mob, by the Negroes who were trying to defend themselves or their property, or by the soldiers who had been called out by Governor Deneen to preserve order. It was unsafe for Negroes to venture out of their homes until 3500 troops had been sent from Chicago and other points, and it was estimated that 2000 of them left for other cities. The Grand Jury returned 107 indictments against rioters and severely condemned the police force for their cowardice and inefficiency.

Historical Encyclopedia of Illinois, 1912



SPRINGFIELD FIRSTS

- 1817 First settler arrives in Sangamon County
- 1818 First cabin built, near intersection of First and Jefferson Streets
- 1819 First merchant arrives to set up shop
- 1820 First physician arrives
- 1821 First school is built; Sangamon County organized with Springfield as county seat
- 1822 First tavern opens its doors
- 1823 First post office in area opens
- 1826 The *Sangamo Spectator*, the county's first newspaper, begins publication
- 1830 First church is constructed, near Third and Washington Streets
- 1836 Abraham Lincoln pays his first visit to Springfield
- 1838 First locomotive arrives in Springfield. The vehicle was transported to Springfield by steamboat

- 1840 Springfield's first mayor, Benjamin Clements, is elected
- 1853 The first Illinois State Fair is held in Springfield
- 1854 First gaslights in Springfield are lighted; the city's first paved street is laid
- 1855 First high school opens
- 1857 First fire-fighting force is organized; coal is discovered in the county for the first time
- 1865 The first bathtubs with running water are installed
- 1866 Horse-drawn trolley cars begin service
- 1878 First electric lights burn in Springfield; first open-faced watch in the U.S. is made at Springfield's Illinois Watch Factory
- 1879 First telephone service introduced
- 1890 City's first electric streetcars begin operation
- 1894 First game of golf played in the city completed on a four-hole course on the Fairgrounds
- 1901 Washington Park, city's first, opened to the public; first automobiles make their appearance
- 1907 City's first nickelodeon, the Orpheum, opens across the street from the Leland Hotel
- 1910 First airplane to land in Springfield arrives, piloted by Walter Brookings, who won a race from Chicago against an Illinois Central train for a prize of \$10,000
- 1922 First commercial radio station (WCVS) begins transmitting
- 1924 First bus service begins
- 1953 City's first television station, WICS, begins broadcasting

OUR LEGISLATORS

As is well known, the sessions of the Legislature last much longer than the average citizen thinks they ought. The following song, written as a parody on the familiar temperance song, *Father, Dear Father, Come Home to Me Now*, is supposed to have been written by the wife of a rural member, who neglects his farm and family by remaining in the Capital too long in the spring:

Husband, dear husband, come home to me now,
From the city and State House so warm,
'Tis lonely without you, why do you not come,
And see to the things on the farm?
You told me when you were elected last fall,
If I would but once let you go,
You'd surely return before April was past,
And I really believed 'twould be so.
Come home! Come home! Come home!
Dear husband, kind husband, come home.

Husband, dear husband, come home to me now,
Come home ere the springtime is through;
The old brindle cow has got a white calf,
And the young lambs are bleating for you.
The hens have been setting a fortnight or more,
They soon will be off with their broods,
The old speckled turkey has stolen her nest
Away in the brakes or the woods.

Husband, dear husband, come home to me now,
The garden needs spading for peas,
The boys should be picking up stones in the lot,
And you should be trimming the trees.
When will you get through with bills and resolves,
Stop talking of license and rum,
Of railroads and tunnels and other such things,
And tend to your business at home?

Husband, dear husband, don't write to me more,
Of the theatre, lobby, and club,
Nor dinners you have eaten at Parker's and Young's
But hurry away from the hub.
Yes, hurry back home, your Betsy is sad,
Her heart so honest and true; .
All winter she's slept in the bedroom alone,
And say, dear husband, have you?

Husband, dear husband, come home to me now,
 Come home while the birds sing in May,
 And let not the smiles in the gallery there
 Distract you or tempt you to stay.
 The voice of your Betsy is calling you now,
 Come home; for you know what it means.
 I'm getting quite nervous about you - - - come home,
 And we will have cow-slips for greens.
 Come home! Come home! Come home!
 Dear husband, kind husband, come home!

History of Sangamon County, 1881

* * * * *

ERASTUS WRIGHT

In 1821, there arrived in Sangamon County a man who, but for the twists of fate, might have left a mark on the town of Springfield as deep and as lasting as that left by Abraham Lincoln. His name was Erastus Wright, a man of varied talents and firm conviction who, like many of his contemporaries, makes latter-day Springfieldians yearn for the days when the town was populated by pioneer spirits who cared more for justice than propriety.

Wright came to the county as a school teacher after a prior career as a surveyor. In due time he became the county's commissioner of schools, a post which he held for ten years. In 1830, he traded 80 acres of land across the Illinois River for an elk. Yes, an elk. This particular animal had been partly trained to work in harness, and Wright often used the beast to haul his wagon into town. One day, Wright made the mistake of hitching the elk to the grist wheel at the Kirkpatrick corn mill. Such labor would insult a

common cow -- to an elk, such an assignment seemed the lowest depths to which an animal could sink. The elk broke harness and tore off across the countryside, heading for his pen. Wright, when he finally caught and calmed his pet, noted (with the wit that was to make him famous), "Bless my soul! That beast is a born abolitionist -- he certainly has no use for slavery."

It was an attitude that Wright understood well. Wright was an outspoken opponent of the institution of slavery in a town in which abolitionism was considered a dangerous, if not treasonous, doctrine. The *Journal* once said of Wright's views on slavery that "He has enough of the elements of a disunionist to constitute one entire abolition convention."

As one local recently put it, while waiting in a service station for repairs on his 1972 Chevrolet Vega, "They don't make 'em the way they used to."



HOW THE SANGAMON GOT ITS NAME

Charlevoix may have been the first to mention the Sangamon River in any form like the present name when he wrote in 1721: "We passed by the *Saguimont*, a large river which comes from the South." "R. De Saguimont" is shown on the 1755 map by Jaques Bellin. The French pronunciation of this name, with a silent *t* and a possible nasal *n* in the first syllable, would sound the same as the present name.

In its present form, this name is virtually the same as *sang'man*, the Abnaki term for "chief", but this is a coincidence, for that tribe did not live here, and this is not a transfer name. Governor Reynolds declared that "in the Pottawatomic language, Sangamon means 'the country where there is plenty to eat.' According to our parlance, it would be termed 'the land of milk and honey.'" This is romantic nonsense.

John Henderson (1873) entertained the idea that the name may have come from *Sau-kie-min*, comprising *auki*, "earth", and *min*, "good", but this is untenable because the initial *s* cannot be ignored, and adjectives do not follow nouns in Algonquian languages. Henderson further suggested *Saukiemong*, mistranslated "river of the Sauks", and *sa-gie-ming*, mistranslated "loon-lake-river".

Another guess in print holds that the river may have been named for a Kickapoo chief, or that it was derived from St. Gamoin, a form found in surveyors' records in Macon County. However, the Kickapoo did not reside in this vicinity when the name first appears in history, and the fanciful St. Gamoin is excluded by the earlier records already mentioned.

Sangamon is most probably a cognate of *Saginaw* (Michigan) and its French corruption *Saguenay* (Ontario), derived from Ojibway *Saginawa*, which had been spelled *sagina*, *saginau*, *saguina*, *saguinam*, *sau-ge-nong*, etc. In every instance the meaning is "place of the outlet", or, literally, "river mouth". It is doubtless also related to Natwick *saketog*, "he pours out", from which the name of Saugatuck, Connecticut, and its Michigan namesake are derived.

When Charlevoix was floating down the Illinois River in a canoe, one of his Indian guides may have pointed to the mouth of the Sangamon and called out something like "Sagi-ong" ("river mouth"). Mistaking this for the name, and committing what he heard to French orthography, Charlevoix recorded it as "Saguimont".

Virgil J. Vogel, in
Indian Place Names in Illinois

* * * * *

In 1970, there were 1105 burglaries or attempted burglaries in the city of Springfield. Subsequent investigations by the police resulted in the successful identification of the culprit in only 5.1% of these cases!

A new record was set in the annual Sangamon River All-Craft Boat race in May of 1973 when Dave Duff and Harold Lyons of Pontiac, Illinois covered the 26.9 miles between Riverside Park and the Talisman Landing in New Salem in three hours, 31 minutes. The old record, set in 1971 in a homemade kayak, was held by "Wildman" Rich Stocker of Carbondale, who traveled the distance in four hours and 13 minutes.



FAMOUS BLOWHARDS OF SANGAMON COUNTY

Springfield, being the state capitol, has seen more than its share of rhetorical over-achievers. Most of them are from out of town, but we've grown a few right here at home that rival the best of them. One of them was Judge James C. Conkling, a friend of Lincoln, who gave the following address in dedication of Oak Ridge Cemetery in 1860. (The speech is cited by Dr. Floyd Barringer in his book, *A Walk Through Oak Ridge Cemetery*.)

"Man was born to die. Day by day, the number of inhabitants of the 'City of the dead' increases. Here they remain until the resurrection. Standing upon the borders of the tomb, methinks I hear the mighty tread of unnumbered millions, as they are travelling onward from the cradle to the grave. Firmly and steadily they are pressing forward, restless as fate. No obstacle can impede their progress. Neither the threats of power, nor the blandishments of love, nor the influence of wealth, can check their inevitable career. Indolence cannot retard, pleasures cannot divert, riches cannot bribe them to halt in the midst of their onward course. Inexorable destiny presses them forward, without

a moment's respite, to the tomb. The heavy tramp of their march resounds through all the earth. It may be heard amid the frozen regions of the North, as the bold adventurer forces his passage across their icy plains in search of glory or of gain. It echoes amid the desert sands, parched by the burning blaze of a southern sun. From the far distant islands of the sea, mingled with the eternal roar of the surf that dashed upon their rockbound shores, it comes booming across the mighty waste of waters. It resounds with the noise of the caravan, whose bones are left to bleach upon the arid plain. It is wafted upon our western breezes, with the dying groans of thousands who rush in search of golden treasures. It follows in the wake of the gallant ship, as she plows her lonely course along the trackless deep. It rises above the din of commerce upon the crowded mart. In the secluded valley, upon the fertile prairie, and on the mountain top, it is mingled with the wailing and lamentations of the mourner. Amidst the wretched hovels of the poor, and the gorgeous palaces of the rich; in the dark lane, as well as upon the broad avenue, amid the whispers of affection by the dying couch, and above the raging tumult of the battlefield, may still be heard that ponderous tread of humanity, as it marches onward to the grave, in obedience to the fiat of the Almighty, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."

Whew! The next example of over-blown rhetoric is not, strictly speaking, a product of a Sangamon County author. It was, however, written *about* the city of Springfield, and for that reason is included here. It is the award citation read to the audience at the All America City Awards Banquet held in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania on November 11, 1969.

"The seeds of achievement are not sown with one giant sweep of the hand of commissioned authority. Nor, is the end result the natural culmination of time and population growth. The seeds of hope and accomplishment are sown when people of good will and conscience from all walks of life grasp the problems of their environment and step forth with pride in their hearts to build a better place in which to live, meeting one challenge at a time, overcoming each obstacle as it confronts them, until the seed has grown and burst into the full flower of a vibrant fellowship.

"Springfield, Illinois is that kind of city. A city with a sprouting civic consciousness that will grow even more and more appealing to those who hope and dream and work today — — for a brighter future tomorrow."

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Nelson Howarth Remembers

We have in Springfield a group of people, not strong in numbers perhaps, but strong in influence, who believe a certain amount of vice is desirable — — some because they want to make money, others because of an inverted nostalgia for the Springfield of their youth. Of the latter type I remember particularly a bank president, now deceased, who regularly and publicly berated me for my anti-vice activities, claiming much for the good old days, when in 1914, a national survey organization out of New York, the Sage Foundation, reported a half-hundred houses of prostitution, and more than 200 prostitutes plying their trade in an eight-block downtown area of Springfield marked off by red lights. But my banker friend would conveniently forget a medical survey made the year before, finding that 3 per cent of Springfield's entire population suffered from venereal disease — — 1685 cases in a city of only 58,000!

* * * *

On the night that Dr. Martin Luther King was assassinated, I had scheduled a meeting with some 25 or 30 young citizens disturbed about the lack of opportunities for employment and housing for black citizens. The tragedy happened two hours before the meeting, and the crowd grew from 30 to 200 people, none in any mood for pleasant evasiveness. One young lady arose and began a complaint about the fact that no public housing for general living (as

opposed to senior citizens housing) had been constructed in Springfield for almost 30 years. I agreed, but explained that the authority for a solution to this problem was vested in the Public Housing Commission, an agency over which I had no legal authority. She switched to a bitter denunciation of the lack of public parks on the central east side of our city. When I again agreed, but started to explain that the authority for and the responsibility for solving this problem is vested in still another government, the Park District, she interrupted: "Mayor, I don't know what you do, but you're the best alibier I have ever heard!"

* * * *

As an assistant state's attorney I took part in a raid on one of the many houses of prostitution then existing in Mr. Lincoln's hometown. As I began an interrogation of one of the inmates, I noticed a diploma from Vassar hanging over the lady's bed. I inquired about it and she said that it belonged to her. This surprised me and I showed it when I inquired, "Are you a graduate of Vassar?" She said, "Yes." "How did you, a Vassar graduate, get into a business like this?" And she replied, thoughtfully, "I don't know; just lucky I guess."

* * * *

I have often said that Las Vegas may be famous for its gambling, and Lexington, Kentucky, well-known for its race horses, but Springfield, Illinois, per capita, stands alone in these United States in politics! More than any other place else in the nation its citizens are willing to back their judgement with cash. If a nice old lady in Springfield tells a council candidate she's for him but doesn't include a \$20 bill in the handshake, she's on the suspect list . . . When one

considers the fact that over in Decatur a spirited election campaign consists of an announcement, two or three radio and television appearances, and a small ad the day before the election, it might seem by comparison that a Springfield city election is a little bit like a trip on LSD.

* * * *

I have almost gone mad in city elections, trying to keep church appearances properly separated from tavern political debates. Once I tried to make a speech in a tavern while friends warded off an irate husband of a wife who earlier, without warning, had smothered me with "beery" kisses. In fact, as a part of this Springfield quadrennial madness known as City Elections, I have been hugged, mugged, fondled, punched, politely applauded, heckled, harried, subjected to blackmail attempts, threatened, overpraised, in short, accused privately and publicly at election time of every immoral and unlawful act known to the Devil, plus a few more. More than once, particularly when winning, I have had the experience of coming home at night with \$200 or \$300 cash money in my pocket, handed to me earlier in the long day, on the street, or in some barber shop, and not able to remember who gave it to me. I have signed promissory notes to borrow money from the bank for campaign purposes, and in such amounts that it frightened my wife and I to death, but each time donors came through in sufficient numbers to hold out personal contributions to normal figures. But I have sometimes worn out as many as two billfolds in one election campaign, taking it in and paying it out.

from an interview with Todd Domke, in *Focus*



STILL MORE AMAZING FACTS

The Illinois State Fair, held each August in Springfield, is the largest agricultural exposition in the world. The fairgrounds (located on Sangamon Avenue between Fifth Street and Peoria Road) cover some 366 acres, and contain a 1½-mile race track, a coliseum, assorted exhibition halls, forty cattle barns, forty-seven horse barns, and parking facilities for more than 15,000 automobiles. The seating capacity of the grandstand is 9842 persons; bleachers can accomodate another 2000!

According to Springfield Chief of Police William Hall, Springfieldians were the victims of more than 3500 thefts in 1972, which resulted in a property loss amounting to an estimated 375,000!

Springfield has three public high schools, one area vocational school, five public middle schools, thirty-one public elementary schools, three Catholic high schools, eleven Catholic elementary schools, four Lutheran elementary schools, one Christian elementary school, one business school, one Lutheran seminary, two junior colleges, one senior university, and the Southern Illinois University School of Medicine! (This vast educational establishment has had no appreciable effect, however, on the good sense of the populace.)

According to the U.S. Census of 1970, Springfield counted a total of 91,753 proud residents! (This figure does not include the 1217 people who live in Springfield but refuse to admit it.)

The old Barton Organ which used to accompany the flicks at the now-defunct Orpheum Theatre was purchased at a cost of \$50,000 from the Barola Musical Instrument Company of Oshkosh, Wisconsin. The machine has eleven ranks of pipes, more than 150 stops, and can produce sounds ranging from that of flutes, bass drums, marimba, or harps to bird whistles!

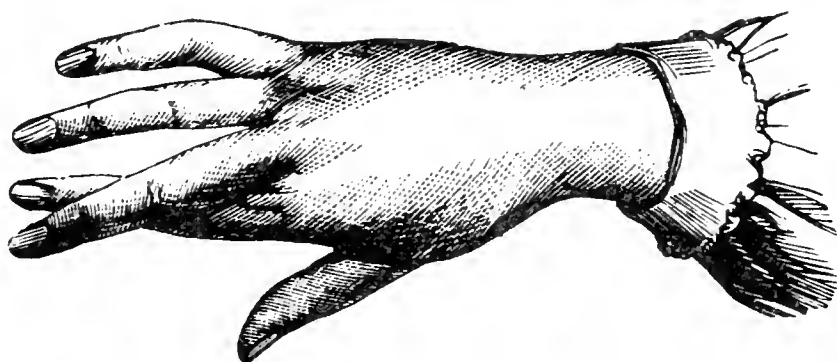
It is estimated that a total of four billion tons of bituminous coal remain under the fertile soil of Sangamon County. Nearly all the coal reserves located near rail facilities, however, are substantially depleted, and only half of the available reserves are recoverable by present methods!



SPRINGFIELD: A CHRONOLOGY OF MAJOR EVENTS

- 1823 The village of Calhoun (later named Springfield) is platted
- 1824 A boundary stake is driven in a field near Spring Creek belonging to John Kelley and Springfield is named
- 1825 Springfield is named county seat of Sangamon County
- 1831 The *Sangamo Journal*, later the *Illinois State Journal*, begins publication. The paper is now the oldest newspaper in continuous publication in Illinois.
- 1836 Abraham Lincoln visits Springfield for the first time, to speak as a candidate for the State General Assembly
- 1837 Springfield is chosen as the site for the new state capitol
- 1851 The Springfield Marine Bank, now the oldest bank in Illinois, opens
- 1857 A thick seam of coal is discovered by workmen drilling an artesian well north of the city
- 1860 Abraham Lincoln is elected President of the United States
- 1866 Coal mining begins in earnest in Sangamon County when three mines open
- 1904 The national Populist Party holds its nominating convention in Springfield
- 1908 A two-day riot leaves seven dead and dozens wounded and leads to the formation of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People in New York
- 1911 Springfield citizens vote to adopt the commissioner form of local government
- 1930 Voters approve a \$2.5 million bond issue for the construction of a municipal lake

- 1931 Springfield poet Vachel Lindsay dies in his home on Fifth Street
- 1932 Area miners, including most Sangamon County miners, vote to split with the UMW and start a mine war of ten years' duration
- 1952 Presidential candidate Adlai Stevenson broadcasts his concession speech from Springfield's Leland Hotel; the last working coal mine in Springfield closes
- 1969 Springfield is named a *Look* magazine "All America City"
- 1970 Sangamon State University opens its doors
- 1974 *Honest Abe's Honest Almanac* is published



YOU CAN'T BE CHEATED BY AN HONEST MAN

Jacob Bunn, president of the Springfield Marine Bank, was that rarest of Springfieldian — — a thoroughly honest businessman. During the great Panic of 1878, the Marine was forced to close its doors to keep from going completely bust, and its 1400 depositors were able to recover only three-fourths of their money. Mr. Bunn resolved to repay the bank's debts to its customers, even though he was under no legal compulsion to do so. He was not able to accomplish this task in his lifetime, but his heirs kept at it until, during Christmas week of 1925, the local papers were able to announce . . .

HEIRS OF THE LATE JACOB BUNN START PAYING \$800,000 TO SATISFY MORAL OBLIGATION

Every last one of the 1400 depositors who had lost money in 1878 had been tracked down and repaid the amount of their original loss plus 5% interest accrued over more than 45 years.

Several of Mr. Bunn's colleagues in the Springfield business community no doubt publicly applauded his unexampled generosity, but privately they must have thought it madness. Few of them, anyway, have followed his example in the years since 1925.

AL WHO?

Elmer Kneale, secretary of the Mid-Day Luncheon Club, a business and professional men's cultural-uplift organization, devoted all his spare time to bringing celebrities to town under the club's auspices — — not only for the (Lincoln) birthday program but year round — — to make a speech and lay a wreath. There is a saying in Springfield that eventually everyone but the Dalai Lama comes to put a wreath on Lincoln's tomb, and Kneale almost literally fulfilled it. He was driven by a passionate and promiscuous enthusiasm for well-known people, so that in the years that he presided over the arrangements the speakers may have been madly inappropriate, but they were never dull.

Kneale's triumph, probably, was the birthday program he worked up in 1936, when he brought on the late Eugene Talmadge, then Governor of Georgia, to do homage to Lincoln. Governor Horner, of Illinois, was so incensed by the flagrant incompatibility of such a speaker with such an occasion that he by-passed gubernatorial courtesy and refused to have Talmadge stay overnight at the Governor's mansion.

The other speaker of the day was Harold Ickes, then Secretary of the Interior, and the two glared at each other on the platform like inflamed beasts. Ickes spoke first, comparing Roosevelt to Lincoln and leering meaningfully at Talmadge. Talmadge, obviously bewildered at being rung in on the proceedings, opened his speech with the statement that, after all, Lincoln had been a Southerner. He went through a tactful heed-his-words-of-wisdom-in-this-troubled-hour routine, and then concluded, glowering back at Ickes, on an inspired note: Lincoln, Talmadge said, should be in the White House today — — he'd get rid of all those bureaucrats

who were squandering the taxpayers' money.

There were no limits to Elmer Kneale's peculiar aspirations for Springfield, and he had the humorlessness of the absolute fanatic. Once, leaving a luncheon at which he had announced that he had lined up Aimee Semple McPherson for a wreath-and-speech, Kneale was cornered by a leading citizen, a lawyer.

"Elmer," the lawyer said, "I think you've gone too far this time."

"Why?" asked Elmer. "She'll draw a whopping big crowd."

"Why don't you see if you can get Al Capone?" the lawyer asked. "I think he'd draw an even bigger crowd."

"Who?" asked Elmer, whipping out his notebook.

Elise Morrow, in the
Saturday Evening Post

* * * * *

The community flower of Springfield is the Flowering Crab Tree, chosen in a public vote held by the local Kiwanis Club in 1931.

During the Civil War, certain government contractors were not above cutting a few corners in the production of goods for Union soldiers in order to squeeze a few more dollars out of the government. One of these was the Frank Godley Shoddy Company of Springfield. Shoddy made woolen goods (chiefly blankets) from inferior short-fiber wool. The finished product did not wear at all well under use in the field. Since the manufacturers name was stamped on each piece, the name "Shoddy" became synonymous with cheaply made woolen goods among the troops. It was not long before "shoddy" was used to refer to any inferior or imitation goods, and it is that meaning which the word retains to this day.

The Home Office building of the Franklin Life Insurance Company, which stands on the southeast corner of Sixth and Lawrence, was built in 1913. The four-story structure is in part a replica of the Temple of Zeus erected by the Roman Emperor Hadrian in the second century, A.D.; the columns which grace the building's front are exact reproductions of the temple's columns in terms of their size, base, and capitals.



SHELBY MOORE CULLOM

Shelby Moore Cullom was a man most prized in this, that most political of cities — — a master politician. Born in Kentucky in 1829, Cullom adopted Springfield as his home in his early manhood, which, like those of many of his fellow politicians, was spent as a lawyer. During the Civil War, when most politicians were offering their country their service in the field, Cullom served as the Speaker of the Illinois House of Representatives (his poor health prevented his joining the Grand Army of the Republic). He is the only Springfield man to wear that somewhat tarnished crown. Sangamon County voters sent him to Washington as a Congressman three times after the war. He returned to the Speaker's chair in 1873 after losing his Congressional seat to a Democrat.

During the state nominating convention of 1876, Cullom proved that even a man who spent the war years in the peaceful confines of the Statehouse could master the arts of maneuver. Cullom outflanked the incumbent John Beveridge, won the nomination, was elected the following fall. He won a second term in 1880 by defeating Lyman Trumbell, then resigned to assume the U.S. Senate seat vacated by David Davis.

Cullom was to serve Illinois in the Senate for thirty years. During his tenure, Cullom managed, among other things, to pass the Interstate Commerce Commission Act of 1887, which finally placed such traffic under the control and regulation of the federal government.

Springfield's bid to send yet another son to the White House failed when Cullom was unable to get the solid support of the Illinois delegation in his attempts to win the Presidential nomination at the conventions of 1888 and 1892. The "tall, quaking ash of Sangamon," as the *Chicago Tribune* dubbed him, was never a serious contender. In fact, the only permanent mark left by Cullom on the face of American Presidential politics came in 1872, when he nominated U. S. Grant for a second term in the White House. The oration, which was only 79 words in length, was (and still is) the shortest on record.

Cullom's Springfield home, a stately white-pillared mansion on the corner of Seventh and Carpenter Streets, was recently torn down to make way for an animal hospital. Such are the twists of Fate, and today no memorial to Cullom stands anywhere in Springfield, not even the one he built himself.

* * * * *

There are twenty-four veterans of the Revolutionary War known to be buried in Sangamon County, according to the local chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

The tip of the flagpole atop the Capital Building is 405 feet above the ground. Without the flagpole, the Illinois capitol is seventy-four feet taller than the nation's capitol in Washington, D.C.

In 1970, the U.S. Census Bureau counted a total of 36,840 automobiles in Springfield. In that same year, Springfield had 65,547 people over the age of sixteen. If our calculations are correct, that means that there is one car for every 1.77 potential drivers in Springfield.

According to the Office of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, the enrollment of Springfield School District No. 186 for the 1971-72 school year was 23,530 students, making Springfield's school system the sixth largest in Illinois, after Chicago, Rockford, Peoria, Elgin, and East St. Louis.



THE SAGA OF JOE DEFRATES

There lives in the Capital City a man whose dogged determination to reach his goals in the face of repeated failures is an inspiration to all of us. His name is Joe DeFrates, and he cooks chilli. Mr. DeFrates has dreamed for years of becoming the champion chilli cook in the whole world. The following two news from the *Journal* tell the tale. (The first appeared in October of 1971; the second, written by reporter Chris Dettro, appeared in November of 1973.)

Springfield chilli champion Joseph DeFrates once again will head for hostile territory in an attempt to solidify this city's reputation as the "Chilli Capital of the World."

DeFrates, president of the Chilli Man factory in Springfield, is making his third trip to tiny Terlingua, Texas, to compete in the annual World Series of Chilli Cooks.

He's finished second and third in previous outings — — and that's pretty good, considering he entered as a Northerner facing a panel of suspect pro-Texas judges.

DeFrates will be using his basic chilli mix made here — — only hotter to appease the less sensitive Texas palates. Unlike some other competitors who in the past have used camel, Arkansas razor back hog and Russian boar, DeFrates will be using top grade Illinois beef. As for his recipe, that's a secret.

"I'm going to fool 'em," said DeFrates. "I'm going to saw 'em down."

In addition to his chilli mix, DeFrates also was asked by the cook-off promoters to bring down the wooden leg once worn by General Antonio De Santa Anna of the Alamo fame.

DeFrates said the general lost the wooden limb when forced to

hastily retreat from a den of dubious distinction. The limb was recovered by an Illinois military unit and is not under the protection of the Illinois adjutant general.

The Texans wanted DeFrates to return the limb to the Mexicans, but DeFrates is only going to give them a photograph. He didn't say so, but rumor has it he fears the envious Texans might try to sabotage his chilli by giving him a leg when he's not looking.

Joseph F. DeFrates of Springfield, former owner and still overseer of Chilli Man Chilli, was presented with a key to the city today by Mayor William Telford in appreciation of DeFrates' restoring Springfield's claim as "Chilli Capital of the World."

DeFrates recently won the title of World Champion Chilli Chef at the International Chilli Appreciation Society's cook-off in little Terlingua, Texas.

The champ disclosed today that widely circulated wire service reports that his recipe included armadillo and racoon meat and beer were false.

He said that his prize-winning recipe contained Chilli Man Chilli Mix (of course), secret ingredients, and "good Illinois beef."

He said that a former contestant who was a judge this year came up to him and light-heartedly accused him of killing the judge's armadillos to use in the chilli. But the judge wears an armadillo cap, so who'd believe him, anyway?

As for the beer, DeFrates said it was in him, not the chilli.

* * * * *

In a statement made public on January 14, 1974, the Springfield Marine Bank (one of the largest in the state) listed total assets of \$257,701,165 and a few cents. That, friends, is a lot of money. For instance, if this one bank were to convert their total assets to one-dollar bills and lay those bills end to end, they would stretch to a distance of (are you ready for this?) 24,975 *miles*. That's some 73 miles farther than the distance around the globe at the Equator.

St. John's Hospital School of Nursing, established in 1886, is the oldest Catholic school of nursing in the United States.

The oldest house still standing in Springfield is located at 1825 South Fifth Street. Built by pioneer citizen Elijah Iles, this two-story frame structure was erected in 1832 during the term of President Andrew Jackson.



THE TALISMAN

The early citizens of Springfield, mindful of the profit to be realized by the successful completion of such a venture, long dreamed of the day when the Sangamon River would be opened to steam boat traffic which could connect the city with the river ports of Beardstown, St. Louis, and New Orleans. On January 26, 1832, one Captain Vicent Bogue announced his intention to bring a steamboat up the Sangamon to Springfield from Cincinnati. The redoubtable captain left for Springfield on February 2 of that year, and, after clearing fallen timber along the stream which made the trip "somewhat tedious," the captain and his boat, the *Talisman*, arrived at Portland landing on the Sangamon north of town.

The *Sangamo Journal* described the event on March 29, 1832, as follows:

On Saturday last the citizens of this place (Springfield) were gratified by the arrival of the steamboat *Talisman*, J. W. Pollock, Master, of 150 tons burthen, at the Portland landing, opposite this town. (Portland was at the south side of the Sangamon River, between where the bridges of the Chicago & Alton and the Illinois Central Railroads now stand.) The safe arrival of a boat of the size of the *Talisman*, on a river never before navigated by steamer, had created much solicitude, and the shores for miles were crowded by our citizens. Her arrival at her destined port was hailed with loud acclamations and full demonstrations of pleasure. When Capt. Bogue located his steam-mill on Sangamon River, twelve months ago, and asserted his determination to land a steamboat there within a year, the idea was considered chimerical by some, and utterly impractical by others. The experiment has been made, and the result has been as successful as the most enthusiastic could expect. . .

The *Journal* went on to "congratulate our farmers, our mechanics, our merchants, and our professional men for the rich harvest in prospect, and we

cordially invite emigrating citizens, from other States, whether rich or poor, if so be they are industrious and honest, to come hither and partake of the good things of Sangamo."

Clinton L. Conkling, who told the tale in a 1912 history of Sangamo, finishes the tale:

A ball was gotten up in honor of the arrival, and several yards of machine poetry appeared in the next number of the *Journal*, detailing the various incidents connected with the wondrous event. The boat was unloaded and immediately started on its return, but the river had so fallen and brought the water within so narrow a channel that it was impossible to turn it around, and the officers and crew were compelled to back it out the entire distance (to Beardstown). The only mention ever made of the boat afterwards was a newspaper report that the *Talisman* was burned at the wharf in St. Louis in the latter part of the next April. No attempt was ever made after that to bring a boat up the river, and thus ended the dream of navigating the Sangamo.

* * * * *

There is a total of 203 miles of streams in Sangamon County open to fishing by the public. In addition, there are a total of 4251 acres of lake water open to local anglers (this figure includes Lake Springfield's 4234 acres).

As of late-1973, Springfield's two major hospitals have a total of 1538 beds. The town has 169 medical doctors, seventy-one dentists, and eight practising psychiatrists. (Even so, it's not a good idea to get sick on a Thursday if you can help it.)

According to 1970 Census reports, 3138 Springfield households do not have private bathroom facilities. Only 2631 households do not have a television set.

Of Springfield's 91,753 citizens, 41,492 are male and 50,261 are female. In percentage terms, that works out to 45.2% male and 54.8% female.

The Vachel Lindsay Memorial Bridge on Lake Springfield consists of eleven spans totalling 1394 feet in length. The bridge is thirty-four feet wide, and its highest point is fifty-two feet above the original valley floor and thirty-two feet above the normal surface of the lake.

The stone quarry from which were taken the stones used to construct the Old State Capitol in 1837 is located in what is now Cotton Hill Park on Lake Springfield's southern end.



DEMOCRACY IN ACTION

In a recent article published in the *Illinois State Journal*, reporter Caryl Carstens commented, "Everybody complains about the Springfield School Board, but hardly anybody does anything about it when election time comes around." A look at the figures below bears out the truth of this remark.

SPRINGFIELD SCHOOL BOARD ELECTION TURNOUT 1968 - 1972

YEAR	VOTER TURNOUT	% TURNOUT*
1968	10,341	18.8
1969	8,798	15.9
1970	8,846	16.1
1971	10,329	18.7
1972	12,499	22.7

* The percentage turnout in each of these board elections is only approximate, due to the difficulty in assessing the exact voter registration in District 186. The school district includes the city of Springfield plus portions of Woodside and Springfield townships.

BOND REFRENDUM TURNOUT, 1967 - 1972

YEAR	VOTER TURNOUT	% TURNOUT*
April 1967	19,314	35.1
October 1967	18,213	33.1
December 1972	22,598	41.0



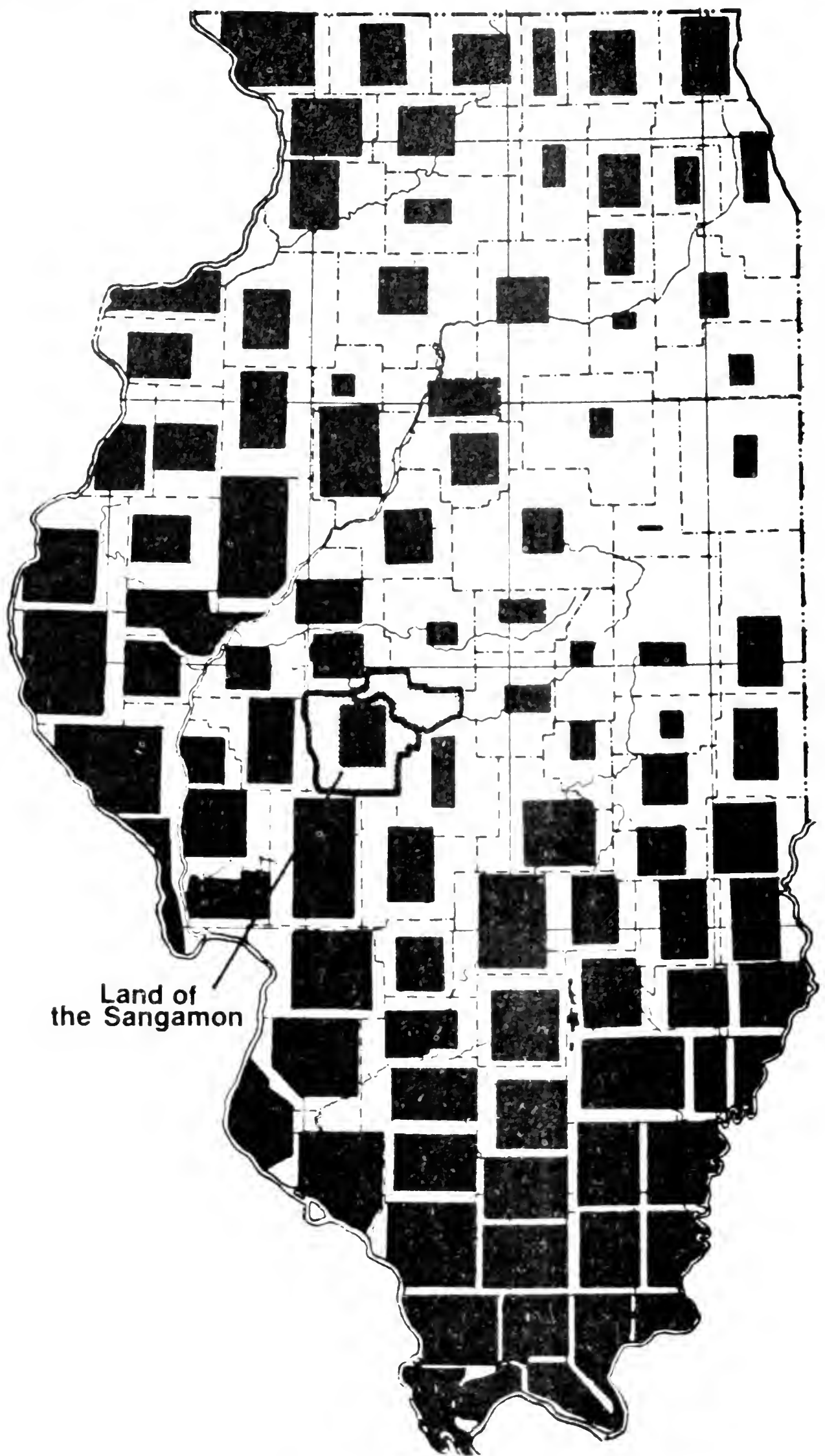
PROUD SONS OF THE SANGAMON

Springfield has been the seat of Illinois state government since the mid-1830's, yet in all that time state government has had more of an impact on Springfield than Springfield has had on state government. For example, out of the thirty-five men who have occupied the governor's chair since Shadrach Bond first warmed it in 1818, only one, the ubiquitous Shelby M. Cullom, was from Sangamon County. Of the thirty-eight different men who have served as lieutenant governor, only one, John William Chapman, came from the valley of the Sangamon (he served two terms from 1953 to 1961).

Two Springfieldians (George Forquer in 1825 and William Chamberlain in 1964) held the office of Illinois Secretary of State. Four of the state's treasurers have been from Sangamon County; they were Williams Butler (1859 to 1863), Alexander Starne (1863-1865), Floyd Whitmore (1899-1901), and Warren Wright (1941-1943 and 1955-1957).

Two local men have worked as the state's chief lawyers. They were Ninian Edwards (1834-1835) and David Campbell (1846-1847). Three Superintendents of Public Instruction have hailed from the sylvan shores of the Sangamon. They are Ninian Edwards (1854-1857), Newton Bateman (1863-1875), and Ray Page (1963-1971).

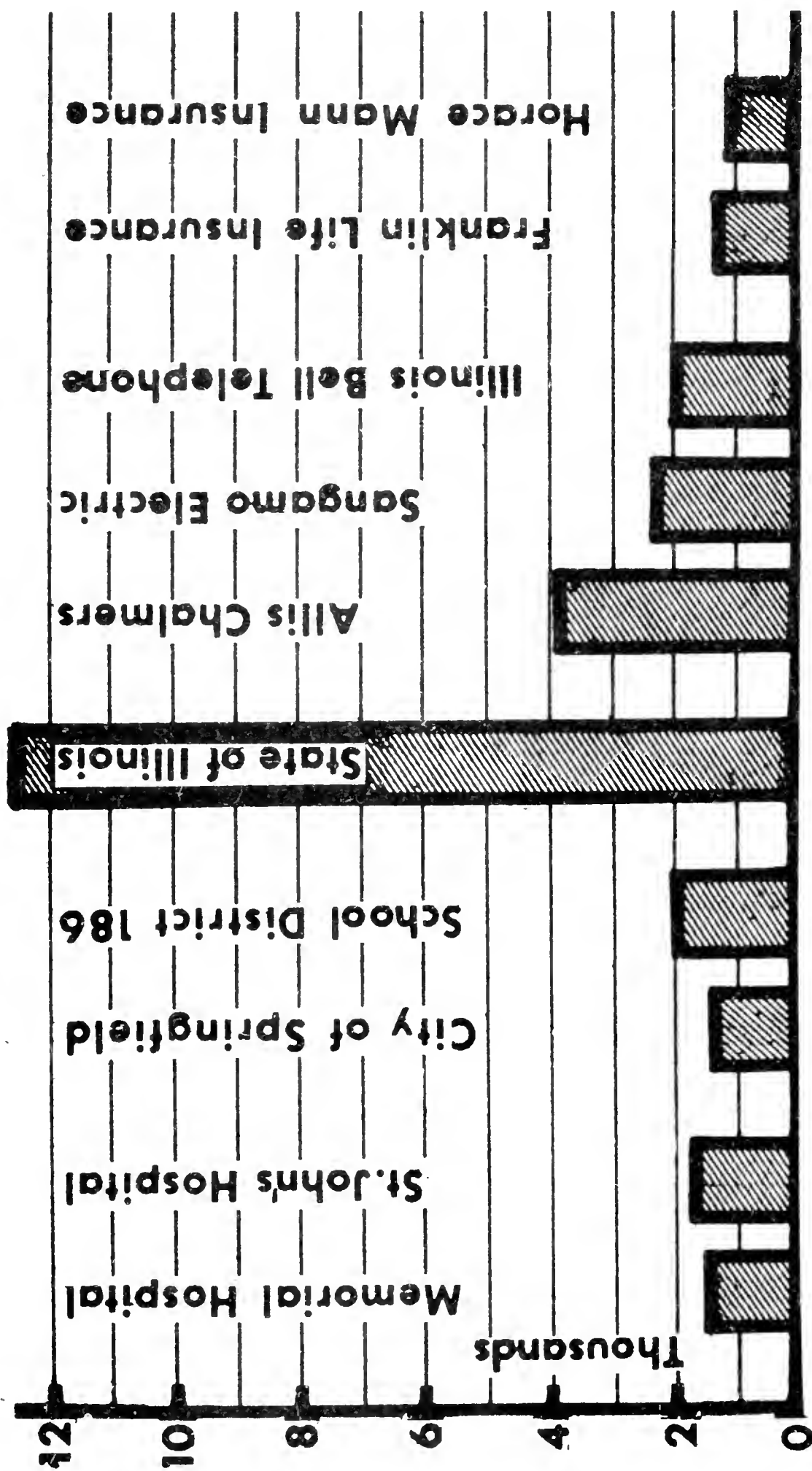
Shelby Cullom, bless his soul, did serve two terms as the Speaker of the House of Representatives, but local folks feel a blush of shame as they recall the painful fact that a Springfieldian has never served as President Pro Tempore of the Illinois Senate.



Original Woodland Area in Illinois by Counties

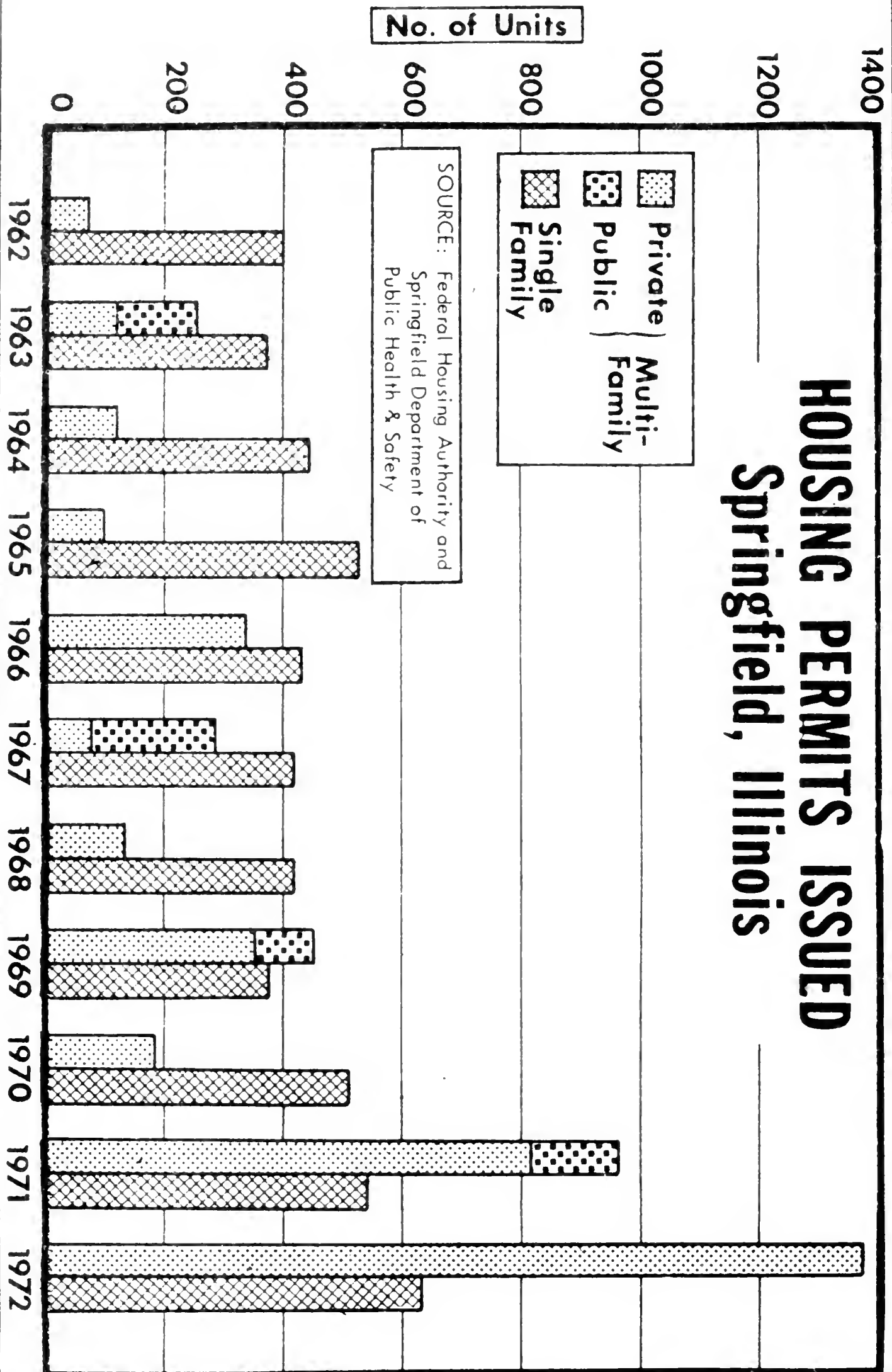
TOP TEN EMPLOYERS

Springfield, Illinois



Springfield & Sangamon County Planning Commission, 1970

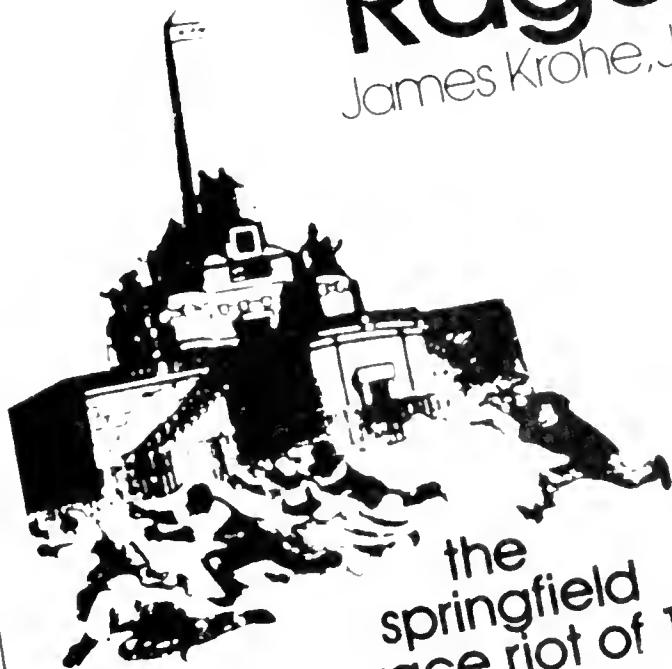
HOUSING PERMITS ISSUED Springfield, Illinois



Springfield & Sangamon County Planning Commission, 1973

Summer of Rage

James Krohe, Jr.



the
springfield
race riot of 1908

Something
you ought
to know
about.

Now
available
in
Lincoln
Land.

The Sangamon County Historical Society is proud to announce the publication of the first of its Bicentennial Studies in Sangamon History.

Summer of Rage by James Krohe, Jr. is the story of the Springfield race riot of 1908, one of the most tragic and significant events in the history of the Illinois capital. Seven men died and dozens were wounded in a weekend of mob violence that captured headlines all over the nation and led eventually to the organization of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the largest and most influential civil rights group in the country. Illustrated with two maps and

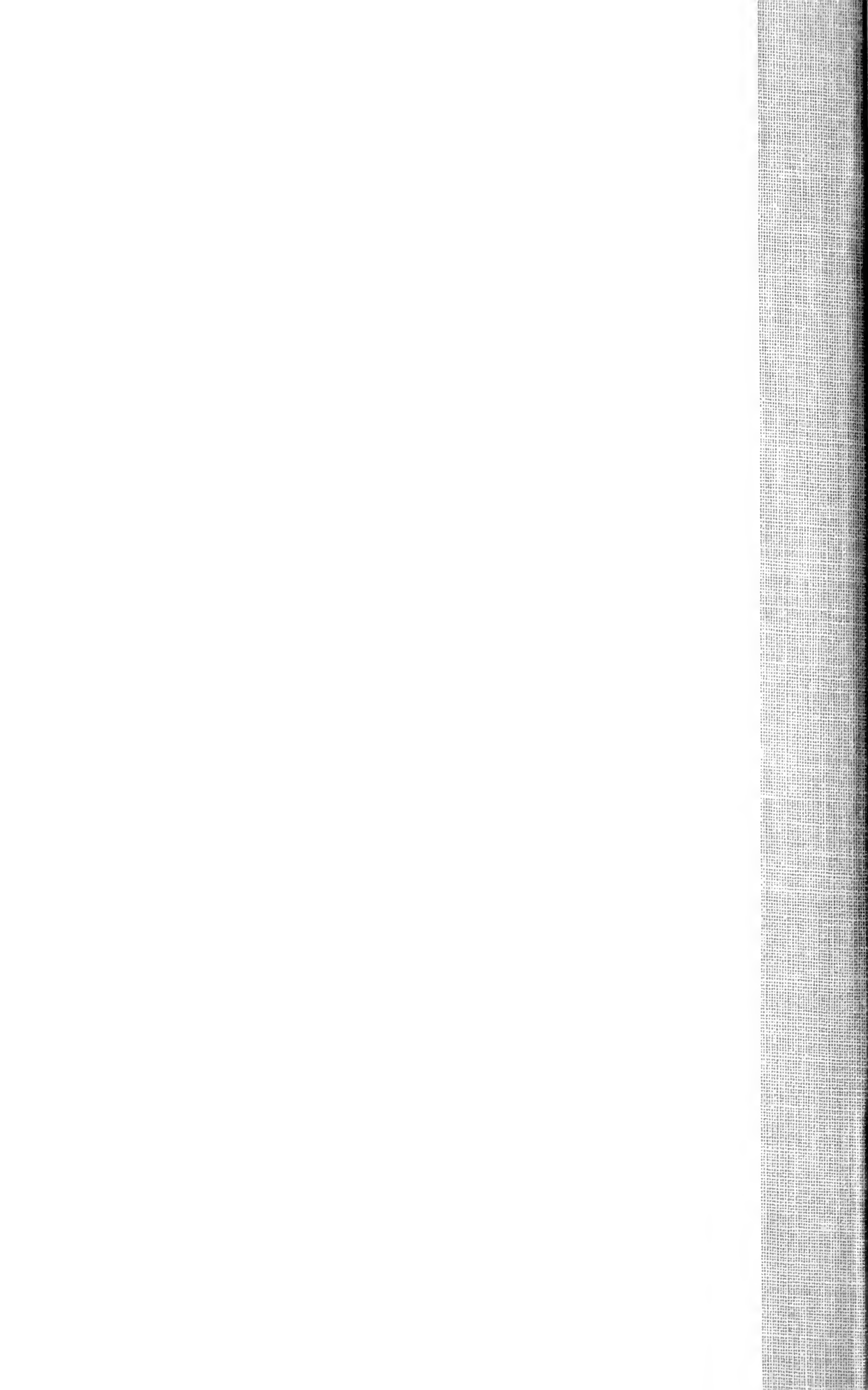
ten rare photographs, **Summer of Rage** is available in bookstores throughout the Lincoln Land area or by mail through the

Sangamon County Historical Society, 308 East Adams,
Springfield, Illinois 62701.





TALISMAN
BOX 1334 SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS 62705



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